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ends of the main portion of the sling, and then looped on themselves through a slit near one end.

The bull-roarer and buzzer were both well known to the Gros Ventre, but seem to be only children's toys. They were both called nakaa"ta" ("making cold," a name given also to the thermometer), probably from the widespread Indian idea that the bull-roarer breeds wind. The buzzer was made of a foot-bone of a buffalo, with a sinew string on each side, by which it was twirled, and then drawn so as to hum. The Arapaho type of buzzer is the same. The Gros Ventre bull-roarer seems to differ from the Arapaho form. Fig. 20 shows one of two very similar models, both of wood. The small, well-marked head, the long taper and point, and the numerous small notches, mark a distinct form. The sinew string is of about the length of the stick handle.

WAR.

Men generally went to war on foot, carrying food and moccasins on their backs. While on the trip they did not boil meat, but roasted it. Scouts, called "wolves," were sent out ahead. When these returned, running in a zigzag course, and shouting, it was a sign that they had seen something. If they had seen lodges, they barked like wolves. While they came, the women in the party stood in a row and sang, having made a pile of buffalo-chips. The "wolves" stopped a short distance away, and the leader of the party went to them. They came with him back to the pile of buffalo-chips, where he stopped, and, facing the party, recounted coups. After this, one of the scouts came before them and reported what he had seen. Upon this, all rushed at the pile of buffalo-chips, and kicked them about. If the enemy were near, they would now take off their heavier clothing, such as their robes, and dress and paint for war.

On returning to their camp victorious, the party approached stealthily, and made a charge upon it, often shooting; and sometimes the people in the tents jumped up out of their sleep in the early morning, thinking they had been attacked. The man who had killed an enemy, the one who had struck him first (whether dead or alive), and the one who had taken his gun, were held in about the same esteem. After the return to camp, a dance was made. Drums were beaten; and the women, who were standing in a curved row, danced in a circle toward the men, who stood in a row, and back again. The women carried the new scalps on sticks. If an enemy were killed near the home camp, his feet and hands might be cut off and carried on sticks, like the scalps. During this dance the man who first

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counted coup on the enemy filled a pipe, and held it for the rest of the party to smoke as they stood in a row. The returning war-party, if successful, always painted black, but if a member of their own party had been killed, they returned without rejoicing; unless sometimes, when the loss of the enemy had been greater than their own, and a relative of the dead was in the party, he might say, "One of the enemy pays for my relative. On account of the others, let us enjoy ourselves." Then the party would paint black, and celebrate. Wounds received by members of the war-party would not prevent celebration, unless, of course, they resulted fatally; and they were always regarded as an honor.

Some war-parties started off publicly in broad daylight, having made it known that they were going; and any one who wished joined. Sometimes, perhaps, two men would agree to go, and invited such others to accompany them as they wished. Women not infrequently went with the war-parties. If a man was killed in war, his relatives, especially his parents, mourned for him. His father might go to the tent of a renowned warrior, and cry until this man became angry and announced a day for a party to start out to obtain revenge. On the day set, the party left publicly, usually on horseback.

A man's supernatural war paraphernalia are shown in Figs. 27, 28, and 29. They were obtained from a middle-aged man who had them from his grandfather, who first dreamed of the magpie and the other animals connected with the paraphernalia, and made the objects. A cylindrical rawhide case (Fig. 27), such as is found used for holding feathers and medicine among most Plains tribes, is painted with a yellow, green, and blue design resembling parfleche designs. These colors represent the various colors of the birds that were dreamed of by the original owner, and whose feathers are kept in the case. The case is called the "house" of these objects. A wing-bone is attached to the outside of the case to make another whistle from in case of loss of the finished whistle included in the outfit. A small bag containing a necklace is kept in the case. The bag (Fig. 28, *a*) is ornamented with bead-work representing a frog (kaka"). This frog was part of the original owner's dream. The necklace (Fig. 28, *b*) has various wasóo ("medicine-roots") on it. These are said to be neither eaten nor otherwise used, except as they are worn on the necklace. The bone whistle (Fig. 28, *c*) alluded to is attached to a necklace of otter-skin. It is blown during the fighting to prevent injury. A magpie's skin (Fig. 28, *d*) and the skin of a smaller bird (Fig. 29, *a*) are also contained in the case. The white magpie-feathers are dyed yellow. The two skins are worn at the back of the head, and prevent the wearer being injured even in a hand-to-hand fight. A head-dress of ten magpie-feathers and of a white plume on red-painted

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thongs, tied together at the ends with a medicine-bag, and four brass bells (Fig. 29, *b*), is tied to the hair over the front of the head. When the warriors sing before dressing for battle, this head-dress is also used as a rattle. The medicine attached to it is chewed, and rubbed over the owner's body, as well

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Fig. 27. (50-1952 a) Medicine-case for War Paraphernalia. Length, 40 cm.

as over his horse's, after he has painted himself. Two plumes of eagle-down (Fig. 29, *c*) are tied to the horse. One is tied to its fore-leg, the other to its tail. Then it will not be shot, and, if it falls, will not be hurt. In case of flight and pursuit, a little medicine that is attached to these plumes in a small

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Fig. 28 (50–1952 b, c, d, e). War Paraphernalia. Lengths, 15 cm., 9 cm., 45 cm., 40 cm.

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bag is given to the horse to prevent its becoming exhausted. A cloth to wrap the various feathers and the whistle completes the outfit.

A warrior's outfit that was obtained for the Museum (specimen Museum No. 50–1862 a–c) consists of a beaded knife-scabbard, carried because the owner has cut loose horses that were tied by a rope leading into a tent; of a man's awl-case, carried presumably for mending moccasins and for

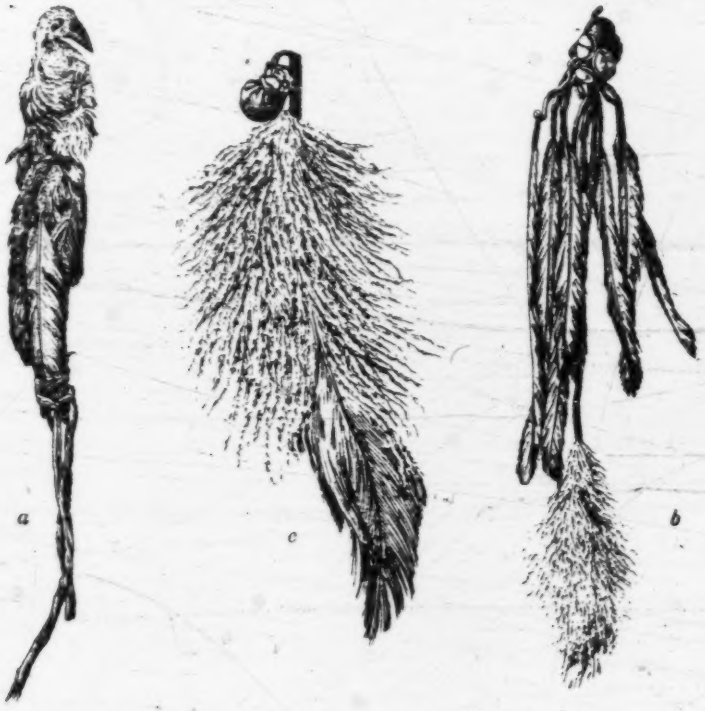

Fig. 29 (50–1952, f, g, h). War Paraphernalia. Lengths, 32 cm., 20 cm., 20 cm.

similar purposes; and of a piece of a scalp ornamented with beads, and worn attached to the shoulder of his shirt. The scabbard is ornamented with rectangular U-shaped bead-work designs similar to those in Fig. 3, and representing horse-tracks.

Sometimes in dreaming, a man saw a person in battle wearing the skin of a certain animal, and fighting very successfully. He would then wear the skin of that animal. Specimen Museum No. 50–1901 is a weasel-skin

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used in this way. The owner twice dreamed of a weasel, which told him to use its skin. Thereupon he first wore a weasel-skin in dances, and later carried it to war. Subsequently he lent it to his son and to other men who went to war, and they always returned successfully.

A man to whom a fisher had appeared in a dream or vision used a fish-skin medicine-bag, and on going to war carried this with him.

A renowned warrior, dead for some time, received his personal medicine from the bears, and was forbidden to scalp, count coup on the enemy, or take away a gun. He could only kill. He once killed two Sioux with one shot, at a place which received its name from the event.

A simple riding-whip (specimen Museum No. 50–1821) has on its wooden handle four red marks, each of which is said to represent an enemy struck in the face with a whip in battle.

Representations, used in the modern "war-dance," of the weapons of Black-Wolf, a well-known Gros Ventre warrior, part of whose experiences in war are told below, consist of a shield and spear. The shield, which is made of painted white cloth, represents the shield carried by him on an occasion when he rushed to battle with no other weapon. The shield is decorated with a blue crescent along the lower edge, representing the sun, and bordered by a wavy red line denoting lightning. The wooden spear and spear-point represent a spear with which the owner stabbed a Piegan in battle. The spear-point is painted blue and red; the blue representing iron, the red blood. Red marks on the handle of the spear represent coups.

A pair of beaded and painted moccasins executed by a woman, but designed by an old man, symbolize his exploits in war. An outside rim of beading represents the enemy's camp-circle. In the middle of the camp-circle is beaded the figure of a tent belonging to a chief. To this tent was tied a horse, which the wearer of the moccasins cut loose. This feat is represented by an outline painting of a horse and halter. Three U-shaped figures, also painted, are horse-tracks, and represent the capture of horses. On the other moccasin there are again three such figures in a row, which here were said to indicate a charge on horseback on the camp; while two other such figures, facing each other, indicate a face-to-face fight.

Curtains hanging behind the bed in front of the tent-wall were sometimes painted to illustrate the owner's achievements in war.

WAR-EXPERIENCES OF INDIVIDUALS.

The following narratives give an entirely personal account of the war-experiences of three individuals, two of them men of about sixty years of

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age, and the third a woman probably a little older. They are not in any sense historical, but were obtained for the picture they give of the war-life of the Plains Indians. Both the men were renowned warriors. Bull-Robe, the older, has since died. In the case of neither was a complete account of all their achievements in war obtained; but both narratives probably refer to every war party or engagement in which they took part down to the point at which the narratives are broken off. All three narratives bear the stamp of naïve truthfulness; which, in view of the importance played in the life of the Plains tribes by the telling of war-exploits and the recounting of coups, is not surprising. It must be remembered that the narrators were not asked to describe the engagements and expeditions in which they were involved, but to narrate their personal share in them. This will account for the frequency with which an insignificant personal experience is told in detail and the general result of a war-party slurred over or ignored. The story told by the woman Watches-All has reference to the great disastrous expedition against the Piegans in 1867.

Black-Wolf's Narrative.

When I was a boy I heard about great deeds in war, and resolved to follow in the tracks of such men. When I was a young man I started out alone. I travelled, and reached the camp of another band of Gros Ventre on the Missouri. I ate there and went on to the Bear Paw Mountains. There I slept at the foot of Eagle Butte. I started again before sunrise and crossed the mountains, following Beaver Creek to the end of the mountains. I saw buffalo, and shot at them. Some one else was hunting these buffalo, and heard the shot. After shooting, I had left my horse tied at the foot of the butte, which I climbed in order to look over the country. Then I saw some one below me coming up the butte. A moment later he saw me. I raised my gun, but he dodged and ran off. Thinking he was one of a party, I ran off also, reached my horse, and rode into the timber. When I could hear and see no one, I rode to where there was a trading-post on Milk River. At night all the horses there ran off into the timber. In the morning an Assiniboine was about to go to get them, when I told him that I would go after them, and started with my gun and a rope. Then I saw what looked like a flock of blackbirds flying over a hill. Soon I saw they were people. At first I had seen only their heads. They were coming over the hill towards me, but on one side, in order to ambush me. Suddenly they were riding at me. At first I was as if dazzled, and it looked like a fog to me. Then I recovered my senses. I was some distance from the post. I did not run, but waited for them. Two of them with long whips were in the lead. I

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stood there until they had gone by me. Then I ran. One of them shot at me, and I turned and took a shot at the leaders. Then I ran on again and they pursued me, and soon the entire party was all about me, all of them shooting. Bullets struck the ground all about me, and there was no noise but that of shooting. But I was never even scratched. Suddenly the attacking party split. A white man was running from the store with a gun to help me. I ran to him, and reached him almost exhausted. He took my hand and we ran back to the house. The enemy, however, captured all our horses, including those of the trader.

My father had sent word to the trader to keep me there if I should come, so I staid there some time; but I did not return to the camp. One day I had gone out to hobble my horse. Then the same party that had attacked me before came again. They crept up to the house, charged on it, and looked for me everywhere. An Indian woman who was there ran out on the prairie and motioned to me to go away. I cut the hobbles of my horse, jumped on it, and rode away. Looking back, I saw the party of the enemy at the house. I dismounted and lay down on the ground to hide. The woman came to me and told me that they were a party of Yanktons and other Sioux, looking for me; but by this time I knew it without being told. The Sioux looked for me all through the trader's cellar, but I was in the timber in a sort of breastwork I had dug. This was the second time I escaped from this party. Some of them said that they were trying to get the Assiniboine that was there, and some the Gros Ventre, myself. After their first failure to kill me, they had determined to come back; but I escaped them the second time also.

We were camped north of Milk River. A party of us went to where the agency then was on Milk River, and slept there. We were getting ready to start, and I was sent by the leader to saddle my horse and go ahead while they ate. A little boy was crying to go outdoors, and I opened the door for him, when I saw a Sioux a short distance outside. I shut the door and ran back to my companions in the next room. We went out with our guns, but the Sioux was gone. We watched the way he went, and saw him going over a hill westward. Then a band began to come in sight, more and more of them. They were a large party, mostly on foot. Seven or eight were mounted. There were only eight of us. It was a very windy day. The agent commanded us not to shoot, threatening to shoot us if we began fighting, and ordered us to wait until we were shot at. We went up on top of a house to watch. A man put tobacco into a blanket to take to the Sioux, and he had just got out of the door when a dog barked at the Sioux, and they shot. Then the firing began. Those of us who were on the roof sheltered ourselves behind chimneys. Two women were with us. As they hurried

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down the ladder below, the wind blew their dresses over their heads. When the man with the tobacco was shot at, he jumped back into the house, spilling his tobacco. We were shooting at them, and the whites also were shooting. The Sioux began to retire. Then I thought I would do a brave deed. I went out into the open space before the house, wearing a conspicuous red robe and black trousers. There I jumped about while they shot at me without hitting me. Then I went back behind the house again. Soon the Gros Ventre mounted their horses and attacked the Sioux, and kept driving them before them until they drove them into the timber at the river. One of our horses was killed, and one man was creased in the leg. There were very many of them, but only eight of us.

A small Gros Ventre camp of four tents had been living with the Crow. We were on our way back to the Gros Ventre, when at night a party of Sioux stole our horses. A company of soldiers was camped near us. In the morning, when we went out for our horses, we could not find them. One of our men saw the Sioux preparing to shoot a buffalo, but he acted as if he did not see them. When the Sioux saw him, they crouched down and hid. He looked over the country with his telescope in directions other than the one they were in. Then after a while he looked at them and counted seven of them. He had miscounted, for there were eight. Then he mounted his horse and rode slowly in another direction, but when he was behind the hill he hastened back to the camp. Two of us Gros Ventre knew English, and told the soldiers of the presence of the Sioux. The soldiers started after them. A mule followed them, and when he saw the soldiers' horses, which the Sioux were keeping hobbled in a gully, he ran to join them, so that the Sioux got possession of the mule also in broad daylight. I had gone to the hill where the Gros Ventre had first seen the Sioux, and was looking for them. From there I went on to the next hill, still looking for them. Another Gros Ventre came to me and said that the soldiers wanted us to go to the next butte beyond, which was across a flat, deep gully strewn with large bowlders. A third Gros Ventre was below us and started to join us. The Sioux were behind these bowlders, and this man below us was almost among them without knowing it. Seeing them raising their heads, he shot. Then, jumping off his horse, he ran; but the Sioux shot him through both thighs. He fell, but sat up again, whereupon they shot him through the head. He was the brother of my companion and of my wife. His brother began to cry, and started to revenge him on the Sioux. Not knowing where to cross the stream before us, we jumped into it anywhere, on our horses. The stream happened not to be deep, and we crossed it safely. Then the Sioux began to shoot. My brother-in-law jumped off his horse, but I turned mine until I was out of their sight. My brother-in-law remained there fighting the

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Sioux, while I rode around behind them towards the butte for which they were heading. There I tied my horse and then went up to watch them. Seeing them coming, I withdrew from sight, thinking they would soon stop to fight my brother-in-law, who was still pursuing them. When I thought it probable that they had stopped, I looked out again, and saw that they had indeed made a halt, and had their backs toward me. I had my two sticks for a gun-rest all ready, and raising my gun I shot. I hit one of them in the back and he fell over. He slid down the hill on his hands until he stopped, while the others shot at me, but missed. Then the soldiers approached, coming at a walk. I thought it ridiculous to go to war in that fashion. The wounded Sioux began to shoot at them. That was what they wanted, for they did not want to open hostilities; and they all dismounted and began to shoot back at him. About the last shot of the company knocked him over. Then three of us Gros Ventre made a rush to him. The two others reached him first. One of them took his gun. Another struck him, and I was the second to strike him. He was a fine-looking Sioux, with black blanket, and leggings of black flannel, with long hair tied with otter-skin, brass beads around his neck, and a beaded bag. His gun was a Sharp's rifle. We now missed one of our own men, not knowing that he had meanwhile followed the seven remaining Sioux, and headed them off. He drove them back to the high-banked gully from which they had come, and from which now they could not well come out. Now this man motioned to us to come. The soldiers said, "Let them be. They killed one of you, and you killed one of them to even matters up." But we Gros Ventre wanted more, and persuaded the soldiers to go with us. I went close up to where the Sioux were. The soldiers began to lie down and shoot into the air. They were afraid. A sergeant came up as near the Sioux as I was, but on the other side of them. Just as he was going to shoot, a Sioux shot struck close by his head. He shook his head, cursed, and took aim again. Another shot knocked off his cap. Then he ran to where I was, and I laughed at him. Now the body of the soldiers came up, shooting as they went along, so that the Sioux could not even venture to raise their heads to look. One of the Sioux was in advance of the rest, protecting them. He had two guns. I stood up to look for this man, and he raised his gun behind a sage-bush. I jumped aside, so that he lost his aim and did not shoot. Then I got behind something else and looked for him again. This time I saw the Sioux aiming at the place where I had been last. I aimed at him; he saw me and pointed his gun at me, but I shot him through the head. Then I started to go to the other side, but, as the soldiers were now coming up in formation, I went back in order to get the two guns of the man I had killed; but another Gros Ventre had already taken them both. Thereupon I went up on the bank

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overlooking the ravine, and looking down saw a Sioux crawling. The Sioux looked back and saw my head above the bank. He lay on his belly and attempted no resistance. Perhaps he was frightened to death. I shot him, went to him, struck him, and took his gun. Then I came to where two Sioux were lying, one on top of the other. By this time all the Sioux had been killed. I had killed three of them. One Gros Ventre jumped down into the ravine to reach the Sioux, while the soldiers were still shooting, and a ball went through his foot from the root of his little toe to his big toe. Then we scalped and despoiled the Sioux. The soldiers standing by would ask us for scalps, and we would toss them bits. We got much spoil, and all of us rode back home with scalps on our bridles. We came back to our camp, and the dead Gros Ventre was buried with a military funeral by the soldiers. The soldiers cooked a great feast for us, but we, being in mourning, would not eat. The soldiers started to go back to their post, and wanted us to go with them. We set out with them, but the wounded man became so ill that we had to return. Perhaps, if we had gone on with the soldiers, we should have been treated to a good time by them. We had distinguished ourselves on that day, and I had done brave deeds. The wounded man's leg swelled to the hip, and he died.

We were camped with the Crow. Then a man told me to go with him the next morning to cut up a buffalo that he had killed. In the morning we went out while it was still dark. We passed a Crow who was herding horses, and crying in mourning. We had gone only a little distance beyond him when we heard shots, and the Crow stopped crying. Five Sioux charged on him; but he ran among the horses and escaped, while the Sioux drove off the horses. The Crow had other horses tied about their tents, and now came out. My companion and I came across two Sioux who had been left by the five who had attacked the mourner. All together there had been seven in the party. We heard these two men talking Sioux. They took us for some of their own party, and came up to us. Then they shook hands with us. We could see the flashing of the guns where the Crow were fighting the other five Sioux. Then some Crow came out to us. A Sioux who was living among the Crow also came, one of the two men we had found being his relative. He took his relative's horse by the bridle and brought him to his own tent. The other Sioux, who wore a war-bonnet, was kept by the Crow from following his companion. The Crow pursued the five other Sioux, and killed four; but one of them was mounted on a swift horse, and escaped. The Crow with us held the one Sioux's horse until a large crowd had come up. There was a Crow one of whose relatives had been killed by the Sioux, and who was determined on revenge; and he killed the Sioux who was among us. One of them took away his war-bonnet while

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he was still alive, and another his six-shooter. Thus five of the seven had been killed. The Sioux who had been brought into his relative's tent sat with his gun leaning against his breast and a large knife in front of him. They tried to take his gun away from him, but he would not allow it. A great crowd was in the tent and around him. At last a chief came, and cried out, "You have had a long time to kill this man and have not killed him. Now go away from the tent, and let him go." Then the Sioux who lived among the Crow took this man, and accompanied him out of the camp for some distance on his way, after which he returned. Then we rejoiced over our victory. I received credit for having shaken hands with the two Sioux before a crowd had come up and surrounded us.

The Crow, Assiniboine, and Gros Ventre were all camped together. Some men were off from the camp hunting buffalo, when a Piegan war-party attacked them. The hunters fled to the camp, and the Piegan threw up breastworks by digging holes in the ground in a large flat. A large crowd of people was there fighting them, each man trying to outdo the others so as to receive the most honor. Then I determined to be as brave as I could, so that the two other tribes would think highly of me. When I came to the place and saw where the Piegan were, I rode right on without stopping my horse. The Piegan were in their holes, and I rode between two of them, so that I was exposed to the firing of those on both sides, as well as to the shooting of my own people. Then I jumped from my horse. I saw a number of brave young men from our tribe come toward the holes, jumping from side to side so as not to be hit. When they were near, the Piegan opened fire on them, and an Assiniboine was hit, being shot through both hips. I heard another shot, and at the very moment saw a horse fall with its neck broken. I saw another man riding in front of the enemy, and heard a shot; and this man fell, shot through both his forearms. He was a chief. Another man was shot in the belly; the ball went in and came out just under the skin. Then we all made a charge on the holes from all sides. There were three holes altogether. In two of them were two men each; the other contained a great many. I charged against one of the holes, and found two men lying in this with their heads against the breastwork. I stabbed one of them in the neck with my spear. The spear struck bone, and stuck fast. I tried to pull it out, and the man backed away from the spear across the hole to the other side, when the spear came out. Then the other Piegan jumped out of the hole with a long double-edged knife, but without a gun. Every one ran off, except myself. I backed away a little. Then the Piegan called to me to come on, and ran out to me. I advanced, holding my spear out. The Piegan ran straight on to this, piercing his breast about at the base of the sternum. Then he backed off, pulling the lance out of

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my hand. For a while it stuck in him, the end bobbing up and down; then it dropped on the ground and I picked it up again. The Piegan fled. I did not pursue him, but ran to the hole where he and his companion had been. The Piegan I had stabbed first was lying on his face with a gun in his arms. Dashing over him at a run, I caught the gun-barrel, and, without stopping, ran on, turned, and ran back. This was one of my earliest deeds of distinction in war, and was highly thought of. Such a deed was what I had been wishing to do ever since I had been old enough to go to war, and now I had done it. When a dance was held afterwards, the people could be heard calling out my name. All the Piegan, twenty in number, were killed. Later on, three more were found and also killed; so that the whole party was exterminated, only one of them escaping. At the time we did not know it; but he reached the Piegan, and informed them of the fate of the party, so that they came against us to obtain revenge. Our tribes were moving and had just made camp. An Assiniboine left it to hunt buffalo. The Piegan war-party came across him, killed him, and secured his horses. No one knew that the Assiniboine had been killed, and no pursuit of the attackers was undertaken. The Piegan then went on a high ridge and threw reflections from a mirror on the camp, as a challenge. When this was seen, everybody mounted and dashed off towards the enemy in haste. I took nothing with me but my shield. The Piegan were found on the other side of a ravine. A Piegan was killed; but the others escaped with his body. All that we secured was his rifle, which he dropped when he was shot. For a long distance we pursued the Piegan; but finally they swung us back, and drove us just as hard as the horses could run. At last we stopped running, and fought. One Gros Ventre was killed, and another was shot through the hand, the bullet striking the sternum and being stopped. That was all that happened in this fight. It was considered something of a distinction to carry a shield in battle; a man with a shield being more shot at than others, because he was more conspicuous, and because shields were always desired for capture. I also rode a pinto horse, which made me more conspicuous.

Once we were challenged by the Sioux. The Sioux sent word by the Assiniboine that they would come and exterminate our camp. We were only one band, a small part of the tribe. We made our camp near a black butte, above where Havre now is. The Sioux camped at Three Buttes on this reservation. At this time we already had many rifles. When we received the challenge, we went to the trading-post and bought large quantities of ammunition and new guns, until we were fully prepared. A few nights later the enemy came. It was dark, so that we knew nothing of their approach. A young man was off from the camp crying. It was early in the

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morning, and still dark. The Sioux tried to approach him, but he saw them and ran back. The camp was within the semicircle of a high bluff; but the bluff was not very steep. On top of the bluff we had been making intrenchments. It was now about daybreak. My family had already started a fire. I was lying on my side, when I heard a strange noise, like wind but different. It was the enemy coming, and the sound of their approach travelled through the air from above and into the lodges. An old woman came into our tent to get fire. She took coals and went out. She had gone only a few steps when I heard a shot. I jumped up, and there was a war-yell. I started out with my gun, but my father told me to lie down: so I lay until the shooting was over. On all sides I could hear horses falling; some being shot, and some trying to escape and being thrown when they reached the end of their ropes. When the first volley of shooting was over, I jumped up, and ran up the bluff to the edge and looked over. A solid mass of Sioux was there. A solid flame extended all along the edge of the semicircular bluff, so many were shooting. All the horses in the camp were exceedingly wild, but finally we all mounted. Then we charged the enemy and drove them. Most of our horses that had broken loose ran in the direction of the enemy, so that they captured many of them. Some of the Sioux were on foot. On their right, one man was running somewhat behind the rest. I pursued him, shot, and killed him. Then I ran toward him. The enemy turned and fired at me; but without stopping I jumped on my horse, ran to the dead man, struck him with my whip, and took his gun and his powder-horn. The Sioux shot at me in vain. So many shot, that it looked as if they were throwing quantities of fire at me; for it was yet not quite light. Soon it was broad daylight and the fight went on, but the Sioux retreated fighting. Two Gros Ventre were wounded. A girl had been wounded in the camp while lying asleep. The bullet entered her knee and travelled up the thigh. On this occasion, also, I earned distinction. There were more Sioux than Gros Ventre; but they fled. Some in their flight threw away their clothing, and returned home naked. A woman who was with them threw away her dress, and reached her camp naked. Some of the Gros Ventre families did not have a single horse left, as the Sioux had captured the stampeded horses. This was about 1875.

Bull-Robe's Narrative.

I was a young man when I went on my first war-trip. We started out from the Little Rocky Mountains, crossed the Missouri, and went to where the Yellowstone comes out of the mountains. There we came on a Crow camp. We made preparations, and at night stole eighty horses. I myself

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took five. Going back to where our party had camped last, we found a Blackfoot war-party. We went on by them, and the Blackfeet went against the Crow. After sleeping a little, we went on for the remainder of the night and all next day. We ate at the Mussel-shell, and continued running our horses until we reached the Little Rockies. One of our party took two shields hanging on poles at the back of a tent, and one of us cut loose a horse which was tied by a rope passing into the door of a tent. After I returned I was at the camp for some time. Then I started out again. The same night that we had left we were overtaken by another party from our camp, who told us that a camp of Flatheads were in the vicinity. At that time the Piegan were with the Gros Ventre. A number of Gros Ventre and Piegan had already gone to the Flatheads and established peace with them, and were now among them. Accordingly, when we came to a Flathead who was herding horses, he made no attempt to escape. We did not understand this, but went up to him as if without intention to hurt him, and then one of our party, drawing a revolver, shot him through the breast. Then we immediately stampeded his horses. The Gros Ventre and Piegan who were visiting the Flatheads still had their horses saddled, and, joining the Flatheads, pursued us. We took refuge in the timber, and the pursuers set it on fire. It was very hot in the smoke and fire, with the tied horses bucking and trying to break loose. Then one of the Piegan with the Flatheads called to us who we were. Answering in Gros Ventre, one of us asked them if the people there were Gros Ventre, and they said, "Yes." Then they called us to come out of the timber, and we came and went to the Flathead camp all together. We passed by the man who had been shot, who was lying wounded, not yet dead. I had not yet dismounted, riding a horse that belonged to another man, and was afraid they would try to take my horse. My party soon left, and hardly were we gone when the Flatheads began to attack the friendly party of Gros Ventre, and drove them out of the camp. These people were of another band from ourselves, which was the reason that we did not know of their being with the Piegan. When the Flatheads attacked them, we all ran, and I was the first to return to camp, so that I know nothing that happened further.

After some time a war-party started again. There were four of us. Near the mountains we saw a Crow camp. We stole horses. I took two. We wanted more horses; so, turning those we had captured loose where they would not be seen, we went up into the mountains, and camped there that day. At night we went down to the Crow camp again. This time I stole five horses, and each of the others two. Then we returned with our horses to the camp of our people. But we did not sleep even one night there. We returned the very day we came, with another party starting out against

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the Crow. This time I took three horses. One of our party took a shield, and three each cut loose a horse from a tent. When we returned, we found that our people had moved to Teton, where we finally overtook them with our captured horses.

I started on another trip. Following the Missouri down, we saw the buffalo leaving the river on both sides, showing that some one was coming. We sent out four men to scout, and waited until they came back. They said that whites were coming up the river, dragging a boat. We went to their camp at the mouth of a creek, and were treated well, being given ammunition and tobacco. A Gros Ventre woman captured by the Crow was with the whites on her way back to the Gros Ventre. From her we learned where the Crow were. Some of our party went back up the stream with the whites, but the rest of us crossed the river and went on. We came to where there was a small creek and a high rocky cliff. We stopped there and ate, and rested at night. We were smoking, when one of us said, "A herd of buffalo is coming. I will go and kill one." Another of us said, "First see what it is." He looked, and saw that it was a large party of Crow. We withdrew into the shade of the cliff. The Crow came extremely near, and sat down. They had seen our tracks, and said very little, and that in whispers. One of us said, "I think that it is the Piegan;" for we knew that a party of Piegan were in the neighborhood. Two of the horses of the Crow came so near us that we could have picked up their ropes. Then two men came up to their horses, and, feeling around in the little creek with their whip-handles for water, stooped to drink. One of our men said in Piegan, "Friends." The Crow jumped [illegible] and their horses stampeded; we yelled, shot, and pursued, wounding one man. It was bright moonlight; but in the shadow of the cliff we had been invisible to the Crow. Soon the Crow turned and charged us, driving us before them. Then we turned, and drove them; and so on, back and forth. Whenever we got under the cliff and gave our war-yell, the echo strengthened it, and we frightened the Crow back; but the Crow would not leave us, so that we had to put up breastworks to defend ourselves. We fought all night, and at daybreak the Crow left us. Seeing a rocky butte, we said, "We will go up there. This is a bad place. Day is coming on, and if they charge us again, they might kill us." So we went up on the butte, taking with us a number of articles we had captured when the Crow ran the first time. Then we called to the Crow to come on; but they were leaving and went off. So we took charcoal, and made paint of it to put on our faces, and began to dance as a trial; but one of us said, "This does not satisfy me. I am going on." Then the rest of us all decided to go on too. We left what we had captured, taking only the best pieces. We went on to where we had been

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told the Crow were, and found them there. But first we met a party of Gros Ventre and Piegan. They were coming away from the Crow, but now went back with us against them. At night three of us, including myself, tried to get away their horses from two men who were herding, while the rest of the party went into the camp. They captured many horses there; but we three got none, because the herders were watching too closely. Now it was nearly daylight and the rest of our party had gone, and the Crow had discovered the theft. Then we three knew that we could not escape with the rest of the party, for we were unmounted. So we went into the timber not very far from the Crow camp, and hid. During the day a Crow came near us with a large bunch of horses to water them. We said to each other, "When he has watered them, let us each catch a horse, and flee into the mountains." The Crow went back, leaving his horses, and we each took one, — I, a white one; one of the other men, a painted one; and the third, a mouse-colored one. Then we escaped into the mountains without having been seen. We came across another bunch of horses and started to drive them off. Two were hobbled, and I dismounted to cut them loose. A Crow came out of the timber and shouted. He had a gun, but was too frightened to shoot. Thinking there might be others, I jumped on my horse, and we all rode off back on the mountain, leaving the horses we had just found. From the mountain we could see how, when the Crow came to the camp, there was a stir all over it. That night we stole eleven horses. We killed a buffalo, ate, and then went back, with these eleven horses and the three we were riding, to our camp in the mountain. At night we went to get more. Crossing the river, we came to a herd of twenty-three horses, and began to drive them off. Then one of us said, "Something comes up in my mouth that tastes like blood." He had a hemorrhage. Then we ran our horses all night and all the next day, for we were riding good animals. Coming to buffalo, we killed one, and ate. Then we saw the buffalo coming towards us. Watching, we saw that Crow were coming in pursuit of us. They were perhaps a mile away. We fled, and the Crow pursued. Once they would gain, and then we. If we had not had good horses, we should have been killed. Turning suddenly, we went up into a mountain, so that the Crow lost our track. All the next day, however, we fled, and at night came across a camp where a Gros Ventre and a Piegan, on the war-path, were snoring. We waked them, told them that the Crow were pursuing us, and all five of us fled. We fled during the next day. Then we stopped running. These two men had captured a number of horses, so that we had sixty-two in all. I myself had two; my two companions, one each. When we returned, we did not go out for a time. It was now winter.

Then a party started and I went with them. We met five Gros Ventre

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who were bringing ninety horses they had taken from the Crow. From them we learned their location. After about ten days, the Chinook blew, so that the snow was all gone. As we were travelling, we heard a shot in the air above, and said that it must have been Above-Nix'a^{n}t. Some of the five men we had met were going with us. When we came near the Crow camp, we saw the Crow coming out for buffalo, so we returned to our last camp. At night we came again, and took one hundred and eighty-seven horses. I took six fast ones. Then some of our party took this herd home; but I and some others staid there, not yet having had enough. We stole thirty horses, and, sending these back by some of the party, staid to get more. The next time we took forty-one, which we also sent back. The next time we got nine. These we sent back too, and then took seven more. Then we took successively eleven and twelve, and nine more,— all from the same camp. After this we went there four times, but could get no more. Then we came the thirteenth time, and stole ninety. All this was in one trip. Then the Crow found us out, and we had to flee.

I went on another trip against the same band of Crow. A horse stood with his rope leading into a tent. I do not know whether it was tied inside, or held by some one. I cut it loose, jumped on it, and rode off. That was all I took on that trip.

I started out again in autumn. We fought with the Crow, and a Gros Ventre was wounded, being shot through both hips. Nothing else came of that fight.

Then I went out again, and this time stole three horses.

I started out again, and while we were travelling we saw an elk. I went to head it off, but as I could not shoot it I went back. Returning, I could not find my party. It was a large flat, and, hearing shots, I thought my party were shooting elk, when a party of Snakes on horses came towards me. I fled, but being on foot they soon caught up with me and surrounded me. They all shot, and I do not know how it is that they did not hit me. I was numb, and did not think of my gun. Coming to my senses, I seized my gun, and raising it drove them all about. Then I ran to the timber, and, jumping into the brush, stopped short. A Snake with a tomahawk and shield was pursuing me. He saw me as I was raising my gun, and held up his shield before him. I lowered my gun, aimed at his belly, shot, and hit him. Then I ran without stopping, and escaped. Thirteen in our party were killed by the Snakes; but I, though I was alone, escaped. Most of those in our party who were not killed were children, young boys who had gone along.

Again I went out. We were all mounted. Crossing the Yellowstone, we came to the Crow, and about noon charged on the horses that were near

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the camp. The Crow began to shoot, and our party turned; but I continued riding straight on between the Crow camp and the herd of horses, paying no attention to the shots, and succeeded in driving off the entire herd. I had thirteen shots in my shirt, and seven of the eagle-feathers on my shield were cut off by bullets, and my horse was shot through the neck. I was wounded, being creased on the hip. When our party saw me riding on, two of them followed me. One of these was shot in the belly so that his intestines hung out; the other was shot in the arm. So three of our party were wounded, but I only slightly.

I started out again. We were all on horseback. Just north of where the Yellowstone comes into the Missouri, the Crow were about to camp. We killed three, and then went into the timber. The Crow came and made a charge on us, and we fled. So far, I had only led my best horse, but now I rode him. The entire Crow camp pursued us. We also were a large party. As we fled, two of our men on slow horses called to me to come and protect them, for they would be killed. Becoming angry, I turned and rode straight at the Crow. Turning them, I rode among them, scattering them on all sides. The noise of the guns was one continuous roar. I had only a sword with which I slashed and cut. Then I rode back, and the Crow followed me. Two or three times I turned them back. Then a Crow dismounted, aimed, and shot as I swerved my horse. The horse was shot in the ribs. By this time those Gros Ventre who had been the first to flee, had selected a good place to fight, and had thrown up breastworks. Then I went out ahead of the others on foot. The Gros Ventre shot a Crow, and I ran forward and took his gun. I was jumping about constantly, so much did they shoot at me. The Crow charged me, but were not brave enough to drive me back. Two of our men came to me, and we stood below a little ridge. The Crow women shouted, and some of them cried for the dead; but it did them no good. About sunset they stopped fighting, and retreated. Then we got up, put the scalps on a pole, and danced, taunting the Crow. All the Crow women and some of the men cried. At night we started back, and, as we were travelling, two men of the party secretly left us, and went back to steal horses. We waited for them. One of them came back bringing horses, and after a while we saw the other also coming along the edge of the river. He had succeeded in stealing a robe and a shield.

I went out again with a mounted party. Two men went ahead to scout. They went in the wrong direction, and finally saw an Assiniboine camp behind us, not far from where we were camped. Then we turned our attention to it. Two Assiniboine came out from the camp for buffalo, and, looking over the hill, saw us and returned. We now went so near the camp

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that we could see the children playing. Then I said to the man in the party that had the swiftest horse, "Lend me your horse, and I will charge on the camp and carry off one of the children." So he gave me his horse; but the others in the party said to him, "You ought not to give it to him. He is crazy and will do anything, and will surely be killed." So the man took his horse away from me again. Then we lay in a gully, waiting for an opportunity. Seeing two horses coming from the tents, we made a charge, and captured them. The Assiniboine did not offer to fight. Ours was a large party, and they were afraid. So we captured these two horses in broad daylight. And that was all that happened on that trip.

The Gros Ventre camp moved to the mouth of Milk River, on a point of land. I was sitting in my tent smoking, and decided to look after my horses. When I went out from the camp, some one came running, asking, "Is that you?" When I said, "Yes," he said, "I have seen some one coming." Knowing that he meant strangers, I ran to my tent and got my gun. Going out with my companion, we saw four of the enemy. He shot, but I pursued them without shooting. I separated one from the three others and pursued him, driving him straight towards our camp. He became so frightened that he ran into a tent. Women were inside doctoring. He went behind the doctoring woman and held her around in his arms. I followed him in, and ordered the women to go out, as I wanted to kill the man. Some of them held me; but I said, "He is an enemy, and I will kill him. *He may hurt some of you.*" So they went out, and the man huddled against the wall of the tent. I fired two shots into him. He jumped up and yelled, and I took a double-edged knife and stabbed him. He took a long time to die, lying groaning. I cut off his entire scalp; then the people began to come in. One man cut off the long hair from the knee of the buffalo-skin lying on the bed, thinking it was the man's scalp. The stranger proved to be an Assiniboine. The Crow and Gros Ventre were camped together at the time.

The camp was moving eastward, hunting buffalo. Two companies of soldiers were seen coming, and everybody went to meet them, hoping to get something to eat from them. When the soldiers left, one man with his wife staid with them for the night. In the morning he left the company of soldiers he was with to go to the other one that was camped near by. While going, he was attacked by Piegan, shot and wounded, and only escaped through the nearness of the soldiers. His wife informed the Gros Ventre that her husband had been shot by Piegan. All the Gros Ventre and Crow started out, and soon saw the Piegan going over the hill. They pursued them over a flat. They thought the Piegan a war-party, and did not suspect that they came from a camp near by. They came suddenly on their

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camp, from which all the Piegan now issued, whereupon the Gros Ventre and Crow fled. Their horses were already tired and were becoming exhausted. So some half-Piegan who were with the Crow said that they would make peace. Four of them stopped, motioned, and spoke in Piegan. Then they shook hands with the Piegan. The Gros Ventre meanwhile told those of their men whose horses were most exhausted to continue on, and they did so. The Piegan chief asked if Many-Birds were among the Gros Ventre. He said, "I want to see him. He once saved my life." Then they called back among those who were still fleeing for Many-Birds, and he answered that he was there. A Piegan chief rode up to him and asked him whether his horse was tired. Many-Birds said, "Yes." The Piegan told him, "Take mine. It is fresh. You helped me, and I want to save your life, for the Piegan might still attack you. But they are my children, and I do not think they will." So he exchanged horses with Many-Birds, and gave him his gun and powder-horn also. Then they parted, and all returned except the four half-Piegan, who went with the Piegan. In the evening three of these returned to the Crow, but the fourth one staid with the Piegan over night. In the morning, when he started to return, he met one of the other three. This man (who was really a Crow that had been captured by the Piegan, but had gone back and lived again with the Crow) now had stolen a herd of horses, and was fleeing once more to the Piegan. The one who was returning to the Crow suspected what he had done, and thought that he might try to shoot himself. The traitor did suddenly shoot; but the other was prepared, saw him, and ducked behind his horse. After the shot, he pursued the other man, who fled; but, his horse stumbling, he fell, and the pursuer shot him. Thereupon he drove the stolen horses back to the Crow camp and told that he had killed the traitor. Then the man's relatives went out, buried him, and mourned over him; but the rest of the camp celebrated over his death. That night, after the dance was over, all agreed that it would be well to watch for the Piegan. So the men all watched. I sat by my hobbled horse. Suddenly close by me I saw the flame of a gun and heard a shot. I ran toward the place, but three or four were already upon the man and had struck him. When I reached him, he kicked me in the breast. Seizing his foot, I cut it off with my knife. So we killed him. We never knew of what tribe he was. He was dressed very poorly, with ragged leggings.

We were moving down along Milk River, and made the crazy-dance. A party of Gros Ventre went to war together with some Bloods. Very soon after they started, one of each tribe in the party was killed. The others returned, and the parents of the dead men mourned. I still had the paint of the crazy-dance on me. Then an old man called to me, "Why do you sit still? You ought to pity your mourning grandfather. Go in advance

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of the camp to scout." So I went ahead of the camp as it moved At the mouth of People's Creek I crossed the river with two companions. Then we saw buffalo. I sent one man to drive them towards myself and my other companion. He drove them, and we ran the buffalo and killed one. We began to cut it up. Then I started to go on with one of my companions while the other finished cutting up the meat. Then he followed us. Looking back as we rode over a ridge, we saw two men on foot approaching him. We motioned and shouted to him, and when he came up asked him, "Did you see nothing?" He said that he had not, and we told him that two men had nearly succeeded in killing him. He had had no cause for suspicion, since the buffalo all about him were still and unalarmed. Then I said, "These are the men that did the killing a few days ago. Now we will take revenge. We have the advantage, for we are three to two. Each of you will take a powder-horn, but I will take both their guns." Then the two men came towards us without offering to fight, and I went to meet them. I shook hands with one and took away his gun, shook hands with the other and took his gun too. Then I said to my companions, "Now is your chance to kill them." But they would not do so. They did not want me to have both guns. So I said, "If you will not kill them, let us take them to the camp and feed them to the dogs." So I took one on my horse, and one of my companions took the other, and we rode double. I made the one with me shoot off his gun. I thought that when he came to be killed, he might hurt some one in the camp. And I told my companion to make the one with him shoot off his gun also, which he did. Now both their guns were empty. We came near the camp, called out, and at once the whole camp became lit up. It was night. The chief came, and asked, "What is it?" I said, "I have your enemies. I bring your food." Then the chief called out, "Bull-Robe has brought your enemies. Do with them as you please." Then the man mourning for the killed Gros Ventre came out, and I told him, "Take your revenge;" but he would not kill them. They took the two men into the camp and set them free. They were Assiniboine.

I started again to go to war. There were Crow and Cree and Assiniboine and Gros Ventre in our party. We saw the Piegan camp. We dressed in our war-ornaments, and I tied up my horse's tail. Then the leader of the party called me a coward, and said I only fought when I was drunk. Taking my whip, I held it to my mouth like a bottle, as if drinking. "Well, now I am drunk," I said. "I will show you what I will do. You will go your way, and I will go mine." Accompanied by a Crow, I went toward the Piegan camp. The remainder of the party approached the camp from all directions. A Piegan came out, and when he was some distance from the camp we two charged on him. I was in the lead, but my horse stepped

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into a hole, stumbled, and lost his gait; and the Crow passed me, struck the Piegan, and shot him. The Piegan fell, started to get up again, and I jumped on him astride his body, cut his head and took his scalp. Then we fled. Seeing some of our party, I called to them, "This is the way to do. That chief is nothing." As we fled we saw the Piegan sitting up, holding the skin of his forehead with his hand in order to raise his eyebrows from his eyes so that he could see. The blood was spurting from him the length of this room. So I said, "You had better kill the poor fellow. He is still sitting up." Then some of us went back and killed him. We returned, and celebrated our victory.

I went with another war-party to Sweet-grass Hills, in the Piegan country. In the morning, as we were going, I smelled something like distant fire. "I smell something like fire," I said. They said to me, "You smell something in your nose." So we joked one another until all of them smelled it. Then we sent out a scout. He came back, and reported that a hunting-party was off to the left of our route, and that they were packing up to move. Then I said, "Let us go ahead of them to a place where they will pass, and charge on them." We went down a ravine until we came to where it spread out and was flat. There we lay down, and one of us watched if the Piegan were coming. When we asked him if the Piegan had come, he said, "No." Some of them had already passed by. Either he had not seen them, or he did not want to announce it. Then hearing something like talking, and thinking, "That sounds like talking," I raised my head, looked, and saw part of them already gone by. So saying, "Only dogs stand and watch their food," I charged and the rest followed. The Piegan had their horses loaded with meat. As we came, the women ran, scattering and screaming. Seeing fifteen loaded horses, some of them painted horses, I went to drive them back. The Piegan men who were in advance now came back, charging us, surrounding me, shooting, and trying to drive me away from the horses; but I would not leave them, however much they shot, and kept driving the horses into the ravine. Then Many-Birds came to me, saying, "I am with you to stand by you." Taking the rope of one of the horses I was driving, I gave it to him, telling him not to let it go. This was in the morning, and we fought all day. The Piegan made their camp near by. It was a hot day, and having no water we suffered much from thirst. We unloaded meat from the horses, cooked some of it, and ate. We tied some of the horses fast, but some of them we could not tie; and part of these the Piegan recaptured. We killed three Piegan, but the Piegan secured their bodies. Two Gros Ventre were wounded; one of them low in the leg, the other creased in the back. In the evening we went to a rocky hill, having taken what meat we wanted and left the rest on the ground. Instead of

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126 going on, we stopped behind the hill. When the Piegan rode up to the meat in order to recover it, we gave them a volley, shooting several of them off their horses. They fled; but we rode on, looking for water, until we came to a creek, where we sat drinking a little at a time, quenching our thirst. Then we went home.

I started to go to war again. We found a Piegan camp, and approached it. The others did not want to charge, as the distance to the camp and back again to a place of safety was too great. Then I was going to make the charge alone. Some of our party happened to see five Piegan hunting a buffalo, and called to me what they had seen, telling me to come. So I rode in that direction, but did not see the Piegan. When I came near, I saw them riding toward the timber, and at once rode after them. The Piegan jumped off their horses and abandoned them, making for the timber; but I headed them off just before they reached it. One Piegan was in the brush on the ground, and I tried to ride him over. The brush was in the way, and my horse jumped over him. As I passed, I struck at him with my lance, and he shot up at me; but we missed. Then I went at him again. The Piegan had his gun aimed at me; but I rode straight on and pierced him in the breast, so that he shot to one side. Another one came for me with an arrow on his bow. I pierced him in the breast also, so that he dropped his bow. Then my party reached the place and killed the other three, I having killed the first two. We took the scalps of the five men and everything that they had.

When I went out again we saw smoke of a camp. Then we prepared ourselves and painted. A Crow in the party had his little boy with him, who was old enough to ride his horse well. The man took a large shell gorget from his throat, which he wore as an amulet, and now gave it to his son. Then the boy said, "You want me to do something great. I am only a little boy, but I will do something. You must not mourn for me if I am killed. Tell my mother not to cut her hair except a little, for I do not like it if people cut their hair." Then his father gave him a crooked lance; and the boy ripped and tore off his leggings and his shirt, and they put him on a horse. Suddenly the boy hit his father's hand with the whip, so that he let go the bridle, and then shot ahead. I was leading, but the boy went past me. I did not try to keep ahead of him, but let him go to see what he would do. Then we saw that the people were whites; but the boy kept riding straight on. He charged a shelter and rode right over it; but the men who had been in it had already started, and were on their way. The boy kept on and rode up to them, and, as they stepped aside for him, he struck one of them across the back with his crook. Then we staid with these whites over night. In the morning we went on, and soon saw what looked like a party with wagons.

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We went to see. They were Indians on horseback, riding so close together that they looked like wagons. They went into a place where we could not well attack them, and we went on. Then we came near Fort Benton. To avoid being seen, we had to ride along a bank near the river, sometimes in the water. A companion and I raised bunches of sage-brush, and lay behind them on the top of a bluff, watching. We saw two mounted men leaving the trading-post. We went back and told the party, and I said, "I will charge on them." All wanted to be with me. I told them, "You do not know your hearts, but you say you want to charge." I went ahead, and, when we came on the ridge, saw the two men riding slowly along. I signed to the party to be quiet; but when they came up on the ridge they gave a war-yell, and the two men fled. I was already near them, and gained on them. Riding up, I struck one across the face with my whip. He had drawn his gun on me, but it was too late to shoot. After I had struck him, I wrenched his gun from him and stuck it through my belt. Seizing him by the hair, I swung my horse against his, and threw him off, then let him fall. Then I pursued the other. Him also I whipped in the face twice. He too was going to shoot, but when I struck him he could not see anything. I could have wrenched his gun away also, but did not do so. I seized his hair, and dragged him off his horse by swerving mine into his. Following up the horse, I caught it and led it back. Then I saw a great fight in the flat below. Giving my captured horse to one of my men, I went straight at the enemy, who were unmounted Bloods. They were in a line, and I went to ride past their front. I galloped down the middle towards them, and they all fired at me. Then, knowing that their guns were empty, I rode straight into them, knocking them in all directions. Perhaps my horse did it. I counted that I struck seven. Then I rode for my life. We were still fighting, when a white man came and told us to stop. He said to us Gros Ventre, "You have already beaten them enough." So we stopped, and all went to the fort. On our way, I alone charged on the Bloods, and struck an elderly man and his wife. We started to go into the enclosure at the fort, when the gates were shut on us while most of our party were still outside. They had the captured Bloods' horses, and among them, unknown to us, some horses belonging to the whites. Then they let me go out to bring back our men with the whites' horses. Two of our party had already gone off with two mules, but we drove the remainder into a corral. There were so many horses that it could hardly be told to whom they belonged. Then we all camped together, Crow and Gros Ventre and Bloods. There was a Crow woman with the party. A young good-looking Blood became enamoured of her, and made advances to her. She told the Crow, who said to her, "Proceed with him, and we will kill him." Then she went out on the

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159 726 prairie, and he followed and met her. This she did three or four times, until he was very much in love with her and wanted to marry her. She said that if he would go with her, she would marry him. He was afraid of the Gros Ventre. Then the Crow told us to go in advance, in order that he might go with them. The whites distributed food, guns, ammunition, and blankets among us all. Then we Gros Ventre went off, but lay down behind a ridge. The Crow gave the Blood four horses for himself and his wife, and they started to go to the Missouri. The man whose wife this woman was pretended that she was not his wife. He rode alongside, and, when the Blood's attention was directed elsewhere, killed him. Then we Gros Ventre and those of the Crow with us came out from where we had been hiding behind the hill, and danced, while the remaining Crow brought his scalp. From there we went home. We crossed the Missouri at a place called Magpie Tail, where there are steep hills. We came on a Crow camp, and made a charge on it. One of the Crow charged into it, striking and whipping every one, as if out of his senses. One of the men in camp became angry, pulled him off his horse, hit him, kicked him, and pulled his hair. The man who had charged got up laughing.

Watches-All's Narrative.

Once I gambled with a Crow woman and lost my beads, and my mother made me cry. The next day a war-party started out, and, because my mother had made me cry, I went with them. All of the party were on foot, except two (women?) on horseback. After we had stopped for the night twice, my mother came after me with a horse for me to ride. We went northward against the Piegan. When we came to mountains, all the women in the party went out to pick choke-cherries. The road was impassable from mud, and it was stormy. Some young men climbed the mountain to look for camps. It was snowing hard and they could not see far; but in the afternoon it cleared, and with a telescope they could see a camp in the distance. They measured it with a ramrod. They went back to the party howling like coyotes, and zigzagging in their course. The women in the party stood in line, and sang. When they came near, the scouts rode about in a circle until one of the party went to them and brought them. Then they reported what they had seen. Then the whole party painted and danced and sang, preparing for the fight. In the evening we started, and travelled all night. One man had a ghost-bone (a human femur). [787] While I was asleep, he summoned the ghost. "What is it?" said the ghost. "Are there many people in the Piegan camp?" asked the man. The ghost said, "There are as many as grass. I give you two persons, also some horses

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to steal. Let those who are on foot go back from here, and let the few who are mounted go on against the camp. They will do well, and kill two people, and capture horses. But if all go, a great many will be killed." The next morning my mother told me this. The party, however, were not influenced at all by what the ghost said, and went on. When we came near, two young men killed a Piegan called Sits-in-the-Middle and his wife. Then our party killed two more Piegan close by their camp, but, as one of the men stooped to strike the fallen Piegan, the Piegan stabbed him in the back over the kidney, making a hole large enough to breathe through. We tied him around with gunny sacks. Thus we killed three men and a woman. Then all the Piegan attacked us. I saw more people than ever before. They came like ants, and the smoke hung as over a smelter. Two of the Gros Ventre drove all of our party, even the women, against the Piegan to make them fight. A Gros Ventre was shot through the thigh-bone, and fell from his horse. He stuck his crooked lance in the ground and sat there; and all his brothers went to help him so that he would not be killed soon. And all the Piegan attacked him. Just as one of them dashed up to strike him, he raised his gun and shot him. Another and another came up, until he had killed six. Then he himself was killed. Then some of the Gros Ventre said, "Let us lead them after us from their camp." The Gros Ventre started to run, and the Piegan pursued. The Gros Ventre who were mounted rane their horses as hard as they could. They never stopped running, and a great many of those who were on foot were killed. I was riding behind another woman. Our horse stepped into a hole, and pitched forward. The woman was thrown off, but I was thrown into the saddle. The horse started up again, but stepped on his bridle, which checked him. A Piegan rode up and struck me with his gun. Then he took my wrist, and I dismounted as he did. Another one came, and, after striking me too, took off my head necklaces. The one who had captured me took me back as far as it is from here to the river (about thirty miles). We saw bodies of Gros Ventre as we went back to camp. We came to the camp about noon. Everybody struck me. All day they came and hit me, and one man hit me on the forehead and nearly killed me. A Piegan woman tied up my head. I wore a fine dress covered with elk-teeth. I took it off, and a Piegan woman took it away. Then the Piegan directed their people to gather all the captives. They asked them if the Gros Ventre had done anything to Sits-in-the-Middle, who had been found in an indecent position with his wife. The captives all said that the Gros Ventre would not do such a thing, and the Piegan were satisfied. Eight Piegan, all prominent men, had been killed.

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When our party returned, my father asked where I was. Some one told him that a Piegan had taken me back to his camp. Then my father said

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to my mother, who had returned safely, "Go and bring my daughter, or I will kill you." So my mother came alone to the Piegan. When she arrived, there was a big noise. Then a chief came out of his tent with only his knife, and called out, "Do not kill that woman!" Then she went to where the captives were. The man who had captured me, No-Chief, said aloud, "I pity this woman. I will treat her well. Every one all over the world hears it. I will take good care of her." Another Piegan took my mother. Then they brought me to a tent where there were a pipe, a pipe-stem, a knife, and a gun, and two men sitting, who both claimed me. I was told to say which of them had captured me. I held up my hand and told how my horse had stumbled, and how this one, who was No-Chief, had captured me, and how the other one had taken my beads. Then the other one tried to kill me. Some Piegan women hid me. In the morning the Piegan broke camp. I had no moccasins, no robe, and only one dress. No-Chief always rode around me, and protected me from the many people who wanted to kill me. He had taken me for his wife, and would not allow it. When we were camped, he rode over to the tent where my mother was, and told her to come at night to his tent. He would give her and me horses to ride, in order to flee, and would give us clothing and a piece of tobacco, which we were to cut in two, and each of us to give half to her husband. My mother agreed, and he came back; but that night my mother did not come. In the morning a man rode around the camp, crying, "Bring out all the captives. I will put them on my son's grave." Then the women hid me. The other Gros Ventre captives were also hidden. Fourteen of them were saved, but four were killed. Then they brought all the spoils to the middle of the camp, and counted them. They counted how many pieces had been captured, how many horses had been taken, and how many Gros Ventre had been killed. They who had done most became chiefs.

Then No-Chief, my husband, said to me, "If any one wants to buy you from me, I will sell you." Then my mother persuaded a Piegan to buy me. I was angry when No-Chief sold me for two horses. I staid with this other man. Sometimes people still tried to kill me, and he kept them from me. Then we came to Elk River, where there was an encampment of soldiers. The soldiers tried to persuade the Piegan to sell them all their slaves. One Piegan rode around the camp, crying, "Sell all the slaves. They will run off anyway. We cannot keep them." But at night all moved away, and none sold their captives. I always took care of my husband's little boy, and did my work, and got along well. A white man tried to buy me; but my husband did not sell me. I asked the white man not to try to buy me, as I wanted to return home. Another Gros Ventre woman who had been captured persuaded her husband's little boy to ask him to let her go. The

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boy asked his father, and the man told her that she could go after tanning ten hides. She prepared the skins, made herself moccasins, took pemmican with her, and went. Her husband did not give her a horse, because many Piegans were then scattered through the country, and would more readily see her if mounted. That winter I staid with the Piegan. We went to the Sweet-grass Hills and killed all the buffalo we needed. About the time the snow thawed, we went back to the former place. Once a Piegan came to get men to reinforce his party, who were attacking a Gros Ventre camp; but the same night the Gros Ventre fled, leaving a dead man and one who had been shot through the leg. These were all that the Piegan found next morning. Two Piegan had also been killed.

Then I went with my husband hunting buffalo. A shot was heard from the top of a mountain, and our party went back. It was a rainy day. Then Bear-Head, a Piegan, took two Gros Ventre women to the foot of the mountain and made them call out, "Come down! Here is something to eat." He wanted to find out of what tribe those on the mountain were; but there was no answer. That night the people on the mountain, who were Gros Ventre, came and stole horses from the camp. The Bloods also stole horses. The Piegan followed their tracks, and killed two of them; but they did not follow the Gros Ventre. Then we went to a place called Needle-Nest, then to Large-Rock, then to White-Wolf, where a Gros Ventre had once made the sun-dance lodge. Then two Gros Ventre women ran away and escaped. From there we went to another place. When we made camp I went for wood with my sister, a Piegan co-wife. Then my sister sent me to my mother, whose husband had just killed a buffalo. I went there; and my mother's sister (co-wife) told her, "Cook something for your daughter." Then I brought back meat to my husband; but my mother's husband was stingy with his meat, and scolded her. Then his Piegan wife said to my mother, "You and your daughter are living poorly. You had better run off." So when I brought back the plates (on which the meat had been carried), my mother said she would escape with me that night. She said she would wait for me all night. She told me to leave my moccasins with her, and I left them. Then my husband whipped me because he thought that I would run off. He told me not to sleep all night, but to sit up straight. Toward morning, while my two sisters slept, I ran out. My mother was waiting for me, and we ran to the creek, over the hills and down again. It stopped raining, and soon it became day. We dug a hole and got into it, and hid all day. At night we ran on again. It was cloudy and dark. We were near Cow Creek. An owl called in the woods. My mother said the owl was calling us, so we went there. It became day, but we went on. We were out of the timber when we saw people coming, so we ran back and

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what time they should meet the next morning to start off, they dispersed. 721

Before leaving camp the next day, the party again sang in front of the lodges which they had approached the night before. This same tune was also sung while the party was en route, words being composed to suit various occasions. This tune was known as the "men's song" and was said to have been given to the Gros Ventres by Nihiatu, the culture-hero. Other songs were also sung while the party was away from camp as, for example, on the first night out when they lamented their absence from friends and loved ones. 533

Various duties were assigned by the leader, and all, but especially the youngest members of the party, were expected to do their part. If a young fellow were "lazy" on a raiding expedition, the leader would see to it that he was punished. An accepted way of accomplishing this end was on the sly to substitute strips of rawhide for the usual strips of meat in the container used by the young man. When the party started to eat, all would watch this particular young man and, as he pulled out the rawhide, they would laugh at him. It was said that young men in this predicament would be so humiliated that they would actually cry. It was a serious matter at the time, and also offered good material to be used later by potential enemy-friends who might have witnessed this embarrassing situation. 726 [626]

Along this line, it is interesting to note the detailed procedure of one man, which may or may not be typical of the behavior of leaders in disciplining members of their party. "This particular leader, known as Eater, a contemporary of Running Bear, was highly respected and feared because it was known that when he led a war party he expected the other members to live up to the high standard he set by his own actions. If, however, he found that someone in the party was not doing his duty, in the evening he would start singing a song which he had acquired through a dream. All the young men would be apprehensive, wondering which of them was to be humiliated. The others would take up the song while Eater alone would dance, imitating a wolf by placing one hand on the forehead and the other behind him to represent the tail. He would circle around, dancing in this manner, until he came to the victim. Whereupon he would stop in front of the 726 626

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726 626 latter and raise his leg in imitation of a urinating dog. All would know then on whom Eater's displeasure had fallen, and the young man in question would break down and sob. That would cure him of laziness."

726 318 Among the important duties on a war party were those of the water-carrier. If the mission were to be performed under more than ordinarily dangerous circumstances, young men might volunteer for the job, but usually the leader chose someone for it. A water-carrier had to have courage and resourcefulness because in order to fetch water it might be necessary that he be sent long distances without guard, and then have to catch up with the group in case the rest had to move. When the members of the party [482] [534] sighted the water-carrier returning successfully bearing the skin 533 water-container attached to a pole, a song was sung by the war party as they marked time by beating two sticks together.[3]

726 Scouting was another important aspect of a war party. The leader selected two well-qualified men for this job. "They had to have courage and endurance for, while scouting, they would run instead of walk and not eat until their mission was completed." [714] Scouts were called "wolves" and wore wolf-skins as insignia and sometimes, at least, would stick brush on their heads so they could not be so easily spotted against the horizon.[4] They went to high [533] places to look around. If the enemy were not in sight, they might sing, making up words to the tune mentioned as having been sung before the party left camp.[4]

If the scouts saw indications of the enemy, such as smoke rising from a coulee, but without actually seeing the enemy sufficiently clearly to identify them, on their return to the party they gave a wolf howl as they approached and proceeded in a sharp zigzag path. If, however, they had more definite information, they gave the wolf howl and approached in a circular path; that is, advanced, turned in a circle, advanced again, turned in a circle, advanced again, turned in a circle and halted. They were then met by two older men who had been successful scouts in their day. While the [533] scouts were approaching—occasionally looking back over their

[3] Recorded as No. 130.
[4] For illustrations, see Curtis, v. 5, p. 176.
[4] Samples of this kind of song were recorded as No. 23 and No. 24.

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shoulders and barking like wolves—the party sang three songs, one to accompany the scouts as they made each circle.[5] 926 [533]

The two older men who met the scouts were told by them privately what they had seen. The four then went to a mound of buffalo chips which had been piled up, the rest of the party awaiting the scouts standing in a semicircle—the women, if present, behind the men—and all facing the direction from which the scouts had come. They sang while the two warriors and two scouts circled the mound of chips four times.[6] After each of the two [533] older men had recited his war deeds in scouting for and locating the enemy, they called upon the scouts to relate to the whole party the results of their expedition.[7]

It sometimes happened of course that there would be no time to go through the above ceremony if the enemy were approaching. But if time allowed it was done in that fashion.[8] Then the leader laid out plans to steal horses and/or get scalps, according to the news which the scouts had brought in. The leader would instruct the rest of the party where to meet after the raid, how long to wait there before starting for home, what signals he would use to indicate the moment of attack, and what signals of identification were to be used between members of the party should it be dark when they closed in on the enemy. It was stated that the Gros Ventres usually attacked in the evening after dark, whereas the Sioux were more apt to attack in the early dawn. Should the plans of the leader not seem satisfactory, some of the party might offer objections. The leader, feeling himself responsible for the safety of all members of the party, put forth his case, but the others were not bound to follow him and, if no agreement could be reached, the party might split. One consideration which tended to keep the party [681] together was, however, the fact that there was a fine paid to the rest of the party by one returning to camp ahead of the others.

[5] A song without words, recorded as No. 14, accompanied the first circling. Songs at the second and third circling had words, composed by enemy-friends of the scouts, the words usually being both derisive and vulgar.

[6] This was recorded as No. 15.

[7] Kroeber's account, p. 191, differs slightly. Cf. also Curtis, v. 5, pp. 181–82.

[8] The formalities of scouting were carried out in detail during the ceremonies of the Sacrifice Dance. See Cooper Ms. 1949.

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726 533 When close to the enemy, each member of the party unwrapped his war medicine in preparation for the real battle. While painting themselves and putting on their charms and other regalia, the warriors sang.[9] Lame Bull, for instance, had a "medicine" war bonnet and there was a special song without words which he sang as he donned it; if there was time, the rest of the party danced while he sang and drummed.[10] Other songs might be sung immediately before going into battle.[11] The words of one such song imply: "If I am killed it doesn't matter; women will bear other children to take my place; I am ready to die." Some individuals, too, had special songs of their own to be sung as they made the charge against the enemy.[12]

726 762 The most daring men in battle were said to have been those who wished to die. Men who were grieving over the loss of loved ones were believed to have been especially prone to this indirect method of suicide. Others took this way of gloriously ending their lives out of a sense of pique, or in order to vindicate their honor. In this latter case it was customary for a man who had something discreditable to account for, either on his own part or on the part of some member of his family, to publicly announce that he was [533] about to die by singing the "brave-song" or "death-song" as he rode around the camp circle. This indicated that he would seek the earliest opportunity of losing his life at the hands of the enemy while accomplishing some particularly outstanding war-deed.[13]

726 It was recognized that even the bravest of men might experience acute fear during battle. "Their souls kind of left them on [774] account of the danger. They looked different from normal and their minds seemed not quite clear. Lame Bull used to say that the effect was quite similar to that of drinking too much whiskey—

[9] Kroeber, 1908, pp. 192-93 gives details and illustrations of supernatural paraphernalia for war. War medicines, illustrating those which had belonged to Bull Lodge, are presented here, Plate 3, courtesy of Richard Pohrt.

[10] The song recorded as No. 76 is Lame Bull's and is said to be typical of this class of songs.

[11] Two were recorded as No. 16 and No. 17.

[12] Lame Bull's song was recorded as No. 77.

[13] Two such "brave-songs" were recorded as No. 111 and No. 112. See also p. 191.

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the mind was clouded for a while and a man could not remember so well afterwards all that happened in the battle." [14]

The leader was constantly on the alert and tended to interpret anything out of the ordinary as having a bearing on the success or ill fate of his party. As a case in point we have the following account of an expedition in the 1860's. "Lame Bull was on a war party of which Big Beaver was the leader. They went to the Crow country hoping to find some hunters in the mountains. At the timber on the river not far from Crow Mountain, the party stopped near a big tree. It was during a thaw in the spring and after they had eaten, they took off their moccasins and hung them on the tree. Then they sat around and smoked and told stories. All of a sudden they heard an owl in the tree above them calling out: 'Where you are sitting under this tree, you are going to be killed.' The owl called again and said the same thing. Big Beaver said to his party: 'I've lived a long time. But never have I heard anything like this owl talking. Let's put on our moccasins and go fast. I think the owl is telling the truth. I think he knows what is going on and people must be near.' All quickly put on their moccasins, and, as they were putting out the fire and preparing to leave, they heard people yelling. Big Beaver gave instructions: 'Scatter. Don't go in file and don't step in the snow, but keep to the bare places so our tracks won't be seen.' So they ran away and soon reached the mountain. When they got to the top of the mountain, daylight had come. They looked down and saw people at the big tree where they had been, searching around for tracks. The Gros Ventres called at the other Indians to invite attack, but the others only stood and looked up, without trying to catch them."

If the war party happened to be near certain petroglyphs, believed by the Gros Ventres to reveal the future, they went there to read the omens. If they could not then interpret the markings, an offering was left there and the next morning they went again. The markings on the rock were believed to change, and the predictions interpreted therefrom to be accurate. If the omens thus appeared too unfavorable, the whole party might even turn back.

[14] Cf. Kroeber, 1908, pp. 201, 208, for remarks relating to war experiences of individuals.

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726 787 769 Greatest reliance, however, seemed to be placed on the information that could be obtained through a "ghost-helper."[18] If a member of the party was known to have the power to command the spirit of a deceased member of his family, he was requested to exercise it. It was said that more often than not the predictions were extremely accurate, as in the following two cases, recounted by The Boy. The first one is estimated to have occurred sometime between 1835 and 1840 and The Boy's grandfather was one of the participants.

"The Gros Ventres were camped near the forks of the Teton and Marias Rivers. Practically all the men had agreed to go on the war path. So they left camp and on the first day arrived at the place where Crow Coulee or Creek empties into the Missouri. When it was dark someone said: 'Let's offer the pipe to that man and ask him to find what our prospects on this venture may be, good or bad.' They filled a pipe and presented it to the man, whose deceased father was proven to be his ghost-helper. He accepted willingly. Soon after they smoked, they made a shelter where he was to call his helper. Then they tied up the man and filled the pipe again and put it in the shelter along with him. He sang a song in which the others joined and on the fourth repetition they heard a voice up in the air. The ghost-helper arrived and the shelter shook. When he hit the ground, the ground shook. The ghost-helper was seemingly excited and kept repeating: 'What do you want, my children?' And he said also: 'If you were in my place and old as I am, and as feeble, you wouldn't like to be disturbed. But here I am. What do you want?' They said: 'We want to know how this trip is going to be—what luck we will have—what are our prospects?'

"They lit a pipe and offered it to the ancestral spirit. They could see from the flaring of the pipe that he was smoking it. Then the spirit said: 'Well, I don't know offhand. I'll have to look around. While I'm gone you smoke, and after a little while sing again. And I'll come back.' So they followed his instructions. When he came back they could hear the spirit catching its breath as an old man does and it said: 'My children, there are

[18] For discussion of ghost-helper concept among the Gros Ventres see Flannery, 1944, also Cooper Ms. 1949.

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Crow Indians without number invading the camp you just left. They are so bold, knowing you men are away, that they are peeping in the lodges watching your women as they are playing the hand game. Your women are in happy mood.' Then the spirit said: 'These Crow Indians seem to be preparing to take all the Gros Ventre horses. I'll go back again and watch the Crows to see what they will do.' So they did as before, and when the spirit returned he said: 'The Crows have taken practically all of your horses and will arrive where you now are about sun-up. Don't be afraid of them, provided you do one thing: be sure to kill the Crow with the blue blanket coat. He is the only brave man in the crowd. Kill him first and you'll kill all the others. None of the Gros Ventres will be killed, but two will be wounded. In case you do not kill the Crow with the blue coat, the outcome of the battle will be doubtful.'

"It was nearing dawn by the time the spirit had made his final report, so the men decided to sit up and not sleep the rest of the night. At daylight, the leader sent two good men to the knoll about a half-mile away to look around. The scouts took a look, crawled back out of sight, got to their feet and ran toward the waiting men as fast as they could. The group had gathered buffalo chips in preparation of the usual ceremony of receiving scouts but the scouts yelled: 'Kick the pile of chips apart. There is no time for formality. Get ready to fight as quickly as you can—the Crows are right over that hill!' The Gros Ventres prepared hurriedly for battle and started for the knoll.

"One old man only was mounted, all the rest were a-foot. This old man was the one who threw the Crows into a panic because he had ridden to a high hill to watch the fight, and the Crows believed that they were going to be surrounded by mounted Gros Ventres. The Crows decided to dismount, make a stand, and let go the horses they had captured from the Gros Ventres. They selected high ground, one side sloping away with soft dirt, the other side grassy. The Gros Ventres were on the flat ground and so the fight started.

"While the main group of Gros Ventres engaged the enemy, a few followed a coulee until they got inside the Crow group and were able to kill a good many. The Crows decided to run, when

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726 787 769 the man with a blue coat tried to hold them: 'If you run you'll suffer a big loss. If you make a stand, the loss won't be so bad.' But they ran right toward the thick mass of Gros Ventres, who received them by opening up a lane for them. The Gros Ventres were afraid then to shoot on account of hitting their own men in cross fire. The man in the blue coat saw the situation and started to run shouting: 'I have no doubt I shall save myself, for I am a good runner. Do your best to try to get away now.' So he ran into the midst of the Gros Ventres, and right through them, passing his fellow-tribesmen until he was leading the fleeing Crows.

"Suddenly one Crow got brave and decided to make a stand and stem the pursuit by the Gros Ventres. He dropped back and pointed a gun at Bear Robe, but another Gros Ventre decided to attack him and the Crow was so terrified that he failed to pull the trigger until the Gros Ventre hit the gun. The shot tore Bear Robe's arm from the elbow to wrist and threw him off balance. When he recovered, the Crow was still there with his gun so Bear Robe ran up and snatched the gun and spear from the Crow and threw them away.

"The Gros Ventres were still pursuing the Crow, and another one made a stand. A Gros Ventre, Crow Moccasin, armed only with a tomahawk, struck him. The Crow staggered and dropped his gun, but grabbed Crow Moccasin's arm to which the tomahawk was fastened with a string. In the struggle the Crow reached for his knife and jerked Crow Moccasin toward himself and slashed his wrist, but he had jerked so hard that the string holding the tomahawk gave way and the Crow lost balance, then ran. Another Gros Ventre shot him down. The fight went on until the older men thought they should stop and let the Crows go. The one with the blue coat got away along with nineteen others. Forty Crow were, however, killed, and the only casualties suffered by the Gros Ventres were two wounded. It would seem that from what the ghost helper had told them, if they would have killed the man in the blue coat, they would have killed all of the Crow."

This second illustration refers to events of much later date, about 1875. "A Gros Ventre war party was camped east of Lewiston, across the Missouri River. Morning Star Arises was asked to consult his ghost-helper who reported: 'All right. I am

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ready to tell you. First, here's the scalp of the Sioux you will kill tomorrow. . [This was one strand of hair wrapped around a piece of sage brush, symbolic of the scalp.] I've found a big Sioux camp on Beaver Creek (east of the Little Rocky Mountains). The Sioux are having a big Grass Dance and the one you are to kill tomorrow is having the most fun. He has a sword. You'll capture that sword when you kill him. Don't be afraid. There will be no Gros Ventres killed, but two of you don't look good to me.' The Gros Ventres asked that he name the two, but he refused, saying: 'Just don't be afraid. Go ahead to the place where the Sioux are and attack them. Choose what kind of weather you want to make your escape after the fight, and I'll see that the weather will be that way.' They failed to make a choice, but the spirit said: 'Take a look at the sun every once in a while tomorrow. There will be all kinds of sundogs tomorrow, changing every little while. If they appear, you'll know that I have told the truth.'

"The next morning they decided that only those with good horses should cross the Missouri and attack the Sioux. They approached the camp where the Sioux had spent the night. The Sioux had failed to extinguish their former camp fires, and the embers were blown into flame and the fire was extending toward their new camp. The Sioux decided to fight the prairie fire, laying down their arms, not realizing the Gros Ventres were watching them. The Gros Ventres then attacked. The Sioux were in utter confusion and ran, all of them except a man with a sword who made a stand. Two Gros Ventres, Comes A-Flying and Owl Old Man, tried to ride over this Sioux who, however, sidestepped them and struck both their horses with his sword; meanwhile the Gros Ventres struck the Sioux with their whips, thus counting coups. A third Gros Ventre, Crazy Bear, however killed him, took his scalp and claimed his sword. Since they had gotten this one scalp—which was sufficient for them to celebrate with a victory dance,—they returned. They saw the sundogs changing as the spirit had foretold. In order to evade the pursuit by the Sioux, they called on the man, whose ghost-helper had given the information, to change the weather. The man sang a song, using his robe as a cover to enclose himself, and said he

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726 wanted a downpour of rain. At once a cloud appeared and in no
787 time it was a big black storm cloud. Then there was a wind and
769 a very heavy storm and thus the Gros Ventres got safely back to camp. The only loss on this occasion was that of two fine horses, one played out and the other foundered from drinking when overheated."

Return of the War Party

727 After a successful encounter with the enemy, the homecoming was a joyful one, provided no Gros Ventre lives had been lost. As they approached the camp, appropriate songs were said to have been sung by the victorious party. If, for instance, they had stolen horses there was one type of song. On the other hand [302] when scalps had been taken, they sang other kinds of songs and painted themselves with charcoal. Incidentally, the Gros Ventres had a saying that "women and children do not make good charcoal." Women and children should be captured but not killed and scalped.[16]

When the victorious party arrived, they circled the outside of the encampment before entering. "Then the party broke, each member surrounded by his womenfolk who crowded around, kissing him and taking the scalps or other trophies which had been won. After a reasonable interval, the crier called all to come to [302] the center of the circle and dance. Men and women alike blackened their faces with charcoal, and the women, carrying scalps attached to poles, or weapons captured from the enemy, danced as innumerable victory songs were sung. Only members of the war party were allowed to join with the women in dancing. Many husbands, who had to stand on the sidelines, were jealous of the brave warriors at a time like this."

727 Most of the songs sung during the victory celebration had
539 words which referred to encounters wherein the Gros Ventres had been successful. New words were often made up to commemorate a particular incident. One of these songs had the following words: "Where are you going? I've been here all the

[567] [16] Cocking, p. 112, mentions in 1772 that the Gros Ventres adopted "slaves" of both sexes into families who had lost their children either by war or sickness.

ganize a revenge party. The Boy gave the following account of the circumstances under which one such party was announced and carried out. "The brother of Lame Bull's mother had been killed in war by the Piegan. This woman took it very hard because it was her youngest brother of whom she was particularly fond. None of her relatives had taken any action and she was out on the hills mourning. While she was out there she fell asleep and an 'old man' appeared to her and said: 'If you make an effort, you will forget your grief. I will teach you a song that you will use when they dance at the victory celebration after your people have avenged his death. This song will be used when they bring back the scalps of the enemies who have killed your brother.' So she went home but didn't say anything about her experience for some time. Finally, however, she told her husband. He then decided to organize a war party to get revenge for his brother-in-law's death. He had a big following as he went against the Piegan. On the way, however, they came across some Blood Indians and killed five of them, which was considered as fulfilling his duty to bring backs scalps in retaliation. When the party returned, the woman of course joined in the victory dance and sang that song, which was then used many times after that when the Gros Ventres were successful."

If no prominent relative led the revenge party, the parents of a man killed in war could request some noted chief to do so. In that case the one selected prayed for the success of the party himself and made a sweatlodge, inviting many old men who would likewise pray. The large number of offerings requisite for the occasion were supplied, however, by the man who had made the request. Should he not have the wherewithal to formally approach a prominent warrior, there was still the possibility that revenge might be volunteered by someone who pitied parents as they grieved for their son. This would afford an opportunity for some lesser man to legitimately set himself up as leader of a raiding party for the first time.

Status Through War-Deeds

Any action that involved risk of life at the hands of the enemy was counted as a war-deed. Raiding for horses, especially for

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have any reason to suspect us [of infidelity] so he shouldn't have 586
been planning to get rid of us."

It was said that in case a husband abused his wife without reason his relatives remonstrated with him, reminding him, for instance, that if he acquired a reputation for ill-treating his wife he might have difficulty in obtaining additional wives of good reputation. Some claimed that his maternal uncle could go so far as to remove the wife from her husband's household "until he came to his senses." Such interference was however seemingly rare. A wife was seldom given the benefit of any doubt.

The husband had the right to punish, even with death, any de- [684]
parture from the standard of chastity set for women.

Most of the harsh treatment accorded to wives was believed to 593
have been the result of just suspicion of their infidelity, where sufficient evidence was lacking to prove it. Girls were warned before marriage to so conduct themselves as to avoid their husbands' jealousy at all costs. They were told, for instance, that when visiting other women it was well to be chaperoned since otherwise a jealous husband could magnify an innocent visit into an incipient affair with the woman's husband. While it was con- [726]
sidered within the proprieties for women to go out and count coups on the enemy fallen near camp, "they didn't approve of women chasing off on horseback to 'hit the enemy' because their husbands were sure to suspect they were off to meet some man." A girl was instructed by her relatives to yield willingly to her husband when he claimed his marital rights lest he interpret her reluctance as preference for another.

On the other hand, when there was reasonable proof of the 593
wife's infidelity, the husband was more or less forced by public 684
opinion to take some action against her. He was, however, allowed considerable latitude in choosing among several equally honorable alternatives.

The extreme punishment was that of death, and apparently it was not uncommonly applied. Among the cases described was the following which concerned a contemporary of Singer and Coming Daylight. "On one occasion a man discovered that one of his wives was missing. As usual in such circumstances, he inquired whether any man in the camp was unaccounted for. He soon

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and spectacular war deed before she granted her favors to him.[9] If he returned, she was supposed to keep her word, accepting him as her lover. In the other type of situation, it was taken for granted that a woman would succumb to the pleas of a man who had publicly announced his intention of virtually committing suicide. Such a man, by singing the "brave-song" as he circled the camp, indicated that he would seize the first opportunity thereafter to encounter the enemy but make no effort to defend himself.[10]

According to a number of stories that are told, it was not uncommon that a woman committed suicide when her lover failed to return from war. That this actually happened, in some cases at least, is vouched for by the following factual account given by Singer. "White people, on one occasion, invited some Gros Ventres to visit them. All of the people, whose lodges were near to that of my grandmother, went, except one woman. This woman was scraping a skin when word was announced that a certain young man had been killed at war. My grandmother, noticing that the sound of scraping had stopped, thought that this woman was resting, and after a little while started over to visit her. On the way, however, she heard a shot, and when she got to that lodge she found that this woman was dead. She had first dressed herself nicely in her best clothes and had then shot herself, pulling the trigger of the gun by means of a string attached to her toe. My grandmother had suspected an affair between this woman and the young man who had lost his life at war, but she hadn't known for sure until this woman committed suicide. In those days a woman would have kept such an affair secret. (Now since women have the law to protect them from their husbands, wives just don't care and boldly run around with anybody they fancy and talk back to their husbands, and everybody knows all about it.) But anyway, that woman was a good worker,—she was working for her husband when that bad news came about the death of her lover,—and of course her husband mourned for her."

It was said that women who had been cast aside by their hus-

[9] "This custom is said to have led to the death of many young men," Kroeber, 1908, p. 180.

[10] For further details on the "brave-song," see p. 92.

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executes the direction or will of the Supreme Being. He is the medium or means by which the Supreme Being works. When a big storm is about to break, a pipe is filled and the Supreme Being is prayed to in the direction from which the storm is coming and is asked to spare the people during this storm, to direct Bha'a not to kill them, to say a word or two to Bha'a himself not to shoot around too close to camp. The people are afraid of Bha'a since he does his job in such a violent way. Even though Bha'a is held in high esteem and is considered an extraordinary being, he is a creature [under control] of the Supreme Being."

Bha'a was closely associated with the Feathered Pipe, not at all with the Flat Pipe.

Bha'a too entered into the Sacrifice Lodge ("Sun dance") as the being who could cause rain and so bring a good season for the food quest and bring coolness and shade in hot weather. While supernatural power was not explicitly sought from Bha'a he might occasionally on his own initiative have pity on a man and give him power to be a great warrior and even to make storms. But on a war expedition the participants would pray to the Supreme Being to be saved from wounds and death; not the slightest thought of Bha'a would enter their minds unless they were overtaken by a bad storm.

It may be added here that, while violent thunderstorms are common in Gros Ventre territory, deaths from lightning are not frequent. The Boy could recall only three such deaths, occurring in Gros Ventre territory during his experience, two on one occasion when he was a young boy and one on a later occasion around 1930.

The word Bha'a is used not only for the Thunderbird but enters into the term also for the water and earth monsters, bha'anbi:'iθän.[18]

The water monster,—or monsters as there appear to be a number of them, for they are reported from various large rivers, and springs where they bathe,—is usually envisioned as a huge,

[18] The Boy explained in 1948: "The word bi:'iθän includes water bugs, crawling bugs, bugs of all kinds; but a snake is never called bi:'iθä, nor will a snake ever be called bha'a. Water monster, no manner how many horns he has, or however much he resemble a snake, is always called bha'anbi:'iθä." [R.F.]

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around it, but were taught and trained to be quiet around it and to observe reverence toward it.

No whistling or crying was permitted in the keeper's lodge. The keeper and co-keeper were forbidden to cry in the presence of the Pipe, if, for instance, they had lost a relative. A crying baby was never allowed in the lodge with the Pipe. As soon as the infant started to cry it was taken out. If, as previously noted, a man who had a young wife with a baby took the Pipe, she and the infant would be sent out of the Pipe lodge to a nearby lodge.

Dogs were never allowed to enter the lodge where the Pipe was. If the keeper or co-keeper owned a dogskin robe, the rules forbade their using it.

The people were not allowed to go to the keeper's lodge to get fire, as they used to go to other lodges in the early morning.

Breaking bones to extract marrow was prohibited in the keeper's lodge. If this were done, some accident, such as the breaking of a leg or arm, would happen to some relative of the keeper [or of the delinquent?].

The door of the keeper's lodge had to be kept closed, and the back cover of the lodge could not be lifted up in the warm summertime to get air.

A war party before starting off would sing at the door of each clan chief's lodge, but not at the door of the keeper's.

When people went to the keeper's lodge for a social smoke and feast, they had to keep their wits about them and watch their speech carefully lest they should unthinkingly tell lies, vulgar or obscene stories, or start a war-deed contest.

There was a very strict prohibition against telling lies in the keeper's lodge.

If two men, while in the keeper's lodge, forgot themselves and started a war-deed contest, the keeper would remind them: "You are mistaken in talking so in here. Now you will have to continue for three days and nights." During this time all who were present when the slip was first made had to stay day and night in the lodge of the keeper, who would provide them with food and tobacco. These listeners would egg on and laughingly banter the two contestants and decide on the winner. After a while the pair's

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powers, intended more for the positive advantage of the keeper or his people, were customarily acquired during or after the transfer rite.

In the transfer rite the new keeper was taught how to doctor, especially in cases of fits, spasms and cramps. The peppermint beverage, now used by everybody for these maladies, was formerly a monopoly of the Flat Pipe keeper in his curing practice. Other doctoring powers were also conferred on him and he could use the hair rope from the Flat Pipe bundle as a potent medicine to cure with, but we could obtain no details on these points.

The keeper would pray to have good dreams and might sleep on the Pipe bed for the same purpose. His dreams, when told, were important news for his fellows, as through them the future could be foretold.

The keeper was also given power to summon, call or "snare" from a distance, enemies or reluctant friends. The Boy gave two instances of the use of this power, both from the lips of his father, Lame Bull. When Lame Bull, on learning of his election as Flat Pipe keeper fled to the hills, the ex-keeper so summoned him, using the Flat Pipe itself in the rite. The nine Flat Pipe songs were sung and at the end of each, the ex-keeper holding the Pipe at arm's length in both hands with the stem pointed upward and outward, sang the Hair Rope song, then twisted the stem tip in a vertical near-circle first upward and outward and then inward and downward in a sort of beckoning motion as if drawing something toward him, then downward and finally lowered the bowl toward (or to?) the ground.

On a later occasion during Lame Bull's keepership, on a war expedition against the Piegan he learned in a dream where they were located and was told that five of them would be killed. The night before the attack on the Piegan, using a common pipe and the above calling rite, thrice performed, with the pipe stem pointed toward the distant Piegan camp, invisible at the time to the Gros Ventre party, and singing the Hair Rope song, he "called" five of the Piegan, who, separated from the main Piegan body, were killed by the Gros Ventres.

The keeper and co-keeper also were given power to use in hunting buffalo, but we were able to obtain no details on the rite. The

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one occasion for which we obtained the account of Lame Bull's resort to this power, it failed to work.

The keeper likewise received power to use in case his horse played out during a war raid. In the 1868 battle with the Piegan, Lame Bull's horse stepped into a hole and fell at a moment when he was surrounded by Piegan. Two young Gros Ventre warriors, sons-in-law of Lame Bull, came to him. His horse got up but could not run, and in fact fell again. One of the young warriors said to him: "I thought the Flat Pipe was everything. Why don't you save yourself. The Piegan will kill all three of us." Lame Bull, keeper at the time, took some peppermint from the small bag tied to his whip, put it in his mouth, sang a certain song, spat on his hands, stroked his whip handle three times with his palm, made motions three times as if striking his horse, and the third time actually struck the horse. At this, the horse came to life as if fresh and started running, and Lame Bull got home safely.

Still another power conferred on the keeper was that of getting possession of a horse by obtaining a single hair thereof. Horses entered into the Feathered Pipe complex, not into the Flat Pipe one. But the Flat Pipe keeper could not be refused a request for a horse or horses made by him of anyone. Moreover, even though he did not directly make such a request, if he wanted a certain good horse, he could ask one of his relatives or good friends, surreptitiously and preferably by night, to pluck one hair from the horse's tail and bring it to him. The keeper would then perform some rite (details not obtainable by us) over the hair and put the hair in the Flat Pipe bundle, and pretty soon he would acquire the desired horse. It may be added that when the keeper walked near or around anybody's horse, he was watched suspiciously for fear that unobserved he would pluck a hair from the horse's tail.

In addition to these specific supernatural powers, the keeper and co-keeper were given a great number of ritual powers, the right and duty to carry out certain ceremonies directly or indirectly related to the Pipe and its keepership. These will be described later under "Ritual."

In accordance with their sacred office and eminent dignity, with their role as benevolent intercessors for the people with the super-

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keeper and co-keeper; a rope made of hair from the head and legs of buffalo, either the actual snare with which He-Who-Starved-To-Death captured the evil Red Bird or a substitute therefor. 778

This rectangular bag with its contents has its own prescribed place in the whole Pipe bundle, namely, to the right of the case containing the Pipe, turtle, grebe and bird skins as you look from the stem and toward the bowl end.

Finally, in the large Pipe bundle, are or were two sticks of about the length of the bundle, covered with two pieces of cloth. These are about the last outermost things set in place when the whole bundle is wrapped. The ends of the cloths in which the sticks are tied project out of the bundle as a decoration. They could be extracted from the bundle and taken along on war expeditions as a substitute for it and the Pipe, and used in a simplified ritual in place of the Pipe. The Pipe bundle itself was not taken on a war raid, as the co-keeper was the only one who was allowed to carry it, as it was rather heavy and bulky, and as there was danger it might be captured by the enemy. [726]

All the articles that have been listed are finally enclosed in the outermost cover of the whole Pipe bundle. This cover is nearly round when laid flat made of a whole elk skin with the legs cut off. The bundle is more or less cylindrical, cigar or blimp-shaped, about 1½ feet in diameter at the center and about 3 feet long. The bundle is secured with three ties of thong, one in the middle and one at either end, and has a thong handle on it, like the handle of a traveling bag. (See Plate 2A.)

Over the whole bundle was laid a robe of albino or "beaver" buffalo skin. When the bundle was to be untied this robe was spread out and the bundle was laid on it. The albino-buffalo tail, used by the keeper in the sweat-lodge rite, was kept outside, not inside, the bundle, so it could be easily gotten.

In modern times, from about 1870 to 1932, a human scalp was

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person's stomach, and so forth, with a very simple ritual. A retiring keeper had the right to select something out of the Pipe bundle and keep it. Lame Bull, on retiring, selected a thunderstone of animal-like shape. Cf. Kroeber, 1908, pp. 275-76. [755]

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778 attached to the outside of the Flat Pipe bundle. In the late 1860's the Gros Ventres were at war with the Piegan and Blood Indians. During the war, a party of Gros Ventres were massacred on Judith River, including the husband of Lame Bull's sister, and her 778 small son was badly wounded. Lame Bull, then keeper of the 726 Flat Pipe, said: "I'll make the Piegan pay for what they have done to my nephew." So shortly after this, he got together a party of warriors and, taking with him the above-mentioned double-stick substitute for the Flat Pipe, led them to the Piegan country, to the other side of the Cypress Hills on or near Belly River. It was on this expedition that Lame Bull had the three sweat lodges made (to be described later) and used his snaring or summoning power as keeper to call the five enemy victims promised him in a dream. One of the young Gros Ventre warriors, Fur Moccasin, said to the substitute for the Flat Pipe: "Little Turtle, in this fight I want to do something great. If you will see to it that I count coup by getting a scalp I will turn it over to you." This was equivalent to a vow, for he would have to risk his life to get a scalp. Another young warrior said: "Flat Pipe, in this fight I want to do something great. If I get a horse I will turn it over to you."

After the summoning rite, Lame Bull detailed two young warriors to go out as scouts the next morning, before daybreak so they would not be observed on the way by the enemy, to a certain butte, and to watch and wait. Shortly after daybreak the two scouts saw five of the enemy who were out hunting buffalo, and returned to give their report. Near the Gros Ventre camp, to the west, was a small herd of buffalo. So Lame Bull said: "The Piegan will spy the buffalo and make for them. We will wait till they make their kill and are dressing the meat." The Piegan went past the Gros Ventre without observing them and killed the buffalo. The Gros Ventres then sneaked up toward the Piegan as close as the level open country would permit, without their being seen. Lame Bull said: "Don't yell. Take after them as though you are racing." As the Gros Ventres came rushing on they came up first to one of the Piegan who had tied his horse to the leg of a killed buffalo and who, in the excitement forgetting this, jumped on his

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horse and started off but at the end of the rope was stopped and thrown. Fur Moccasin killed and scalped him then and there. Then the Gros Ventres took after the other four Piegan. The second Piegan was killed and his horse captured by the young warrior who had promised a horse to the Flat Pipe. The other three Piegan were also killed. The Gros Ventre suffered no casualties in the fight.

When the battle was over, Fur Moccasin turned over the Piegan scalp to Lame Bull: "Here's the scalp which I promised for the Flat Pipe." The other young warrior who had promised the horse likewise turned it over: "Here's the horse which I promised for the Flat Pipe."

Some time after this fight, peace was made between the Gros Ventres and the Piegan, and the Gros Ventres learned the Piegan side of the incident. The Piegan (or Blood) had planned to hold a Sun Dance. So they selected four men to go out and kill a bull buffalo for the dance. One old man of his own volition went along in order to get some of the internal organs for himself. After the five had set out, the Piegan waited in vain all the next day till nightfall for them to return and finally concluded that they must have met with misfortune. The next morning the Piegan set out in the direction in which the five had gone and, judging by the actions of carrion crows and buzzards, discovered the five corpses. The Gros Ventres by this time were a long way off. The Sun Dance was given up. The four younger Piegan killed were noted men.

The Piegan scalp was tied to the outside of the Flat Pipe bundle. The donor, Fur Moccasin, by giving the scalp, became an enemy-friend of the Flat Pipe, which role gave him the right to go pretty far in taunting and saying things about it, as was the wont between enemy-friends.[8] But only he, and no one else could take such liberties.

The scalp remained attached to the outside of the bundle. The Boy, who knew this, always felt that this was not right, because the bundle had great religious significance whereas the scalp was something of an entirely different order and did not belong with

[8] For details on enemy-friends, see Flannery, 1953, pp. 102-06.

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afterwards according to the Ni:hohat story or after the great deluge according to the flood story.

Ritual sweating and use of the sweat-lodge, tsë:bätc, were resorted to by the Gros Ventres on many occasions not connected with the sacred pipe rites,—skin and finger-joint sacrifices, war expeditions, and dreamed-of impending evils. Sweating in such cases will be dealt with in the proper places, as also sweating at the Feathered Pipe rites and Sacred lodges. The sweat-lodge rite was obligatory at the following Flat Pipe ceremonies: the three seasonal rites, the transfer rite (previously described), rites in fulfillment of a vow to smoke the Pipe or to paint its bowl, or to make a sweat-lodge for the keeper or for the Pipe, and at the disposal of offerings to the Pipe.

Before a war party started out, among other ceremonial observances a sweat-lodge rite was commonly gone through. A Flat Pipe Keeper might on such an occasion take pity on the leader and members of the departing war party, build his own 31-stick sweat-lodge, and go through the sweating rite. If, furthermore, the keeper accompanied the war party, he might do the same from time to time during the course of the expedition.

For the present we shall confine our attention chiefly to the sweat-lodge as used in the three seasonal rites, dealing first with the sweat-lodge itself, and after that with the sweating rite. We merely reiterate in passing that the sweating rite, while obligatory in a seasonal rite, was somewhat distinct from the ceremonial which followed it and which was carried out in the keeper's lodge.

The Flat Pipe sweat-lodge was constructed as follows. In ground plan it was more or less circular about 7 to 9 feet in diameter, with two openings, the main larger entrance at the east and the smaller exit opening at the west. The general form was nearly semi-spherical. On each side, the northern and southern, 15 willows were stuck in the ground. The number 30 may represent a multiple of the sacred number three, and one of our informants conjectured, with particular reference to the 30 poles of lodge where He-who-starved-to-death slept fasting on the 30 successive nights. These 30 willows were arched over and woven fast into a ridge willow that ran the east-west axis of the structure. Thus the sweat-lodge was constructed of 31 willows in all.

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so many other people (besides the Drum Dance men) whom I am carrying that I don't care about the rest of them." He recalled in this connection a Gros Ventre children's game in which they split into two groups and one child from one group goes over to the other group and carries the members thereof one by one to his side. At any rate, this was the first song sung by the Drum Dance men at the first stop they made when going to fight the Piegan (in the story to be given presently).

The words of song number 55 refer to the place of the future life where the lodge of the Drum Dance men is all ready to receive them if they die in the battle. They were supposed to be ready to sacrifice their lives, feeling they would go to the Big Sand where they would be better off than here. As these words were sung, the men would point with their thumbs toward where the Big Sand was located, in the north, and would face in that direction. In the sign language pointing is done only with the index finger. Pointing in this special way, with the thumb, was done to signify that the men so pointing were doing a brave thing, were courageous and not chicken-hearted, and were ready for the worst. Some further light upon the meaning and context of this song, as well as upon certain other aspects of the Drum Dance, is shed by the following story narrated by The Boy, and confirmed in part by a less detailed version of it by Coming Daylight who added somewhat cryptically that "these (Drum Dance) men never stood back [retreated?], they always made an attack on the enemy." Singer also stated, likewise rather cryptically, "Iron Bucket [her husband] told me they (the Drum Dancers) would go away off on a war path and stay four days and spy on their own camp and go back to war." The Boy's story was as follows:

"On one occasion during a Drum Dance which had been put on in fulfillment of a vow, a group of Gros Ventre men went out to hunt buffalo. While they were out they were attacked by some Piegan. The Piegan were on foot, while the Gros Ventres were on horseback, so it was easy for the latter to get away. It occurred to the Gros Ventres that they might play a trick on the Piegan and make a lot of sport for the occasion of the Drum Dance. So they detailed one of their number to go back and notify their camp

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that some Piegan were where they (the Gros Ventre hunters) were. This one went and did as directed.

"The Drum Dancers decided to take the matter into their own hands, as during the Drum Dance their word was law. They sent the crier around camp to notify the people that they, the Drum Dancers, were taking over the situation, and that everybody else should step aside and let them handle it.

"All the Gros Ventres then struck out from camp, with the Drum Dancers in the lead. When the crowd reached the place where the Gros Ventre hunters were holding the Piegan at bay, it stopped, and the Drum men said: 'Let us do the fighting. The others will just look on at us.' And so it was agreed.

"The Drum Dance men then all got in formation, just as the underground people (killdeer) had been at the dry lake bed, with two men in front carrying the crooked sticks, the others in line two by two, and two likewise at the rear carrying crooked sticks.

"The Piegan started to make trenches. The Drum Dancers marched in formation toward the Piegan, then halted, and sang a certain song [No. 54] three times and danced. The Piegan came out of their trenches to see this unusual thing that was going on. They thought that perhaps the Gros Ventres wanted to make peace, and stood there watching the show, not knowing it was the killdeer (Drum Dancers). The Drum Dancers next marched toward the Piegan a second time, halted as before, sang a second song four times and danced. All this they did a third time, singing a third song four times.

"After marching forward a fourth time, which brought them very close to the Piegan, they halted and sang a fourth song four times (song No. 55), but did not dance. Instead of dancing, while they sang they faced toward basnable (the place of the dead), stretched their right arms out to the limit[23] to show that they meant unreservedly what they were doing, and held their right hands up with four fingers clenched and with thumbs up (or pointing toward basnabe). The leader of the Drum Dancers had meanwhile told them: 'When you finish the fourth singing of this fourth song, charge!'

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[23] If they had not stretched their arms out *to the limit* and *fully*, this would have meant that they were not *fully* meaning to carry through.

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"As soon as they had so finished the fourth singing, one of the two forward crooked-lance carriers threw his lance into the Piegan trench and followed in after it, and the Piegan slashed him to pieces. Next the drummer, who had been carrying the drum slung over his right shoulder, threw the drum into the Piegan trench, followed in after it, and was likewise slashed to pieces. Then all the other Drum Dancers followed the two into the trench. All the Piegan were killed, while the Gros Ventres lost only two men, a lance-carrier and the drummer."

Coming Daylight's account of this battle, less detailed and considerably generalized, enables us to date it as somewhere around the early nineteenth century. She was told it by one of her "old, old 'mothers'" whose husband had taken part in it. This "mother's" husband had joined the Drum Dance and she had to go along with him. The dancers would go way off and look for the enemy. If they spied him and were themselves unseen, they would go back to their camp, get their drum and return to where the enemy was. They would creep up on the enemy and when close enough to prevent escape would beat the drum and rush to the attack. The drummers (Coming Daylight used the plural, though mentioning only the one drum) in the battle with the Piegan dismounted from their horses, marched drumming toward the enemy, and jumped down into where they were. Some of the dancers who had guns marched with them and also jumped down among the Piegan enemy. Others attacked on horseback. It seems to have been the code of the Drum Dancers, never to "stand back" [retreat?] but always to attack.

Kit-fox Dance

This dance was called no·hao'wɔ, "Kit-fox lodge" (cf. Sifton, nóuhê, "fox, smaller kind").

We were able to gather only scattered data on this dance, which partly corroborated, partly added to, Kroeber's description.[34] Our data came from: The Boy,—whose father, Lame Bull, had gone through the dance,—Thick, Turn Toes, Coming Daylight,—whose

[34] Kroeber, 1908, pp. 250-51.

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In two of the battles described by The Boy weather power was used. In one, when seven Gros Ventre warriors were surrounded in a piece of brush by a body of Crows and the latter set fire to the brush to rout the Gros Ventres out, one Gros Ventre, a quiet and unassuming man, "used a bone whistle and did other things," and shortly rain came and put out the fire. This man's war-charm, an otter skin, was captured by the Crows in this battle, and the Gros Ventres learned later from the Crows that whenever the latter mounted this otter skin trophy on a pole, as at a scalp dance, rain came with thunder and lightning. Finally the Crows got scared, carried the otter skin over on the hills and left it there, "and the thunder left them alone."

In another battle, this time with a party of Sioux, the Gros Ventres had taken a scalp, and were retreating, with the Sioux in pursuit. Morning-Star-Appears (Rising Cross), a Gros Ventre warrier who had a ghost helper, "sang a song, used a robe as cover to enclose himself and said, 'We wish rain.' " In no time a heavy cloudburst, with thunder and lightning broke, and the Gros Ventres,—among them Stiffarm, then a very young man,—escaped under cover of the rain and semi-darkness.[19]

Garter Snake, daughter of Bull Lodge, gave us the following story:

"The Crows were camping on the north bank of the Yellowstone when a May snowstorm came. It snowed four days and four nights, and the snow drifted far up the lodge sides and horse-high, except where blown clear on elevated exposed spots. On the fourth day, at noon, the Crows came to Bull Lodge with a pipe and some things. They offered him the pipe and of course he didn't take it right away, but said: 'What is this for?' They said: 'We know you are a holy man [one with power]. You [can] do almost anything and we are asking you to make this storm quit. If you don't we shall all perish.' He told them: 'All right, that is easy.' And they gave him that stuff: 'Here are the things we give you.'

"So he told his wife: 'Stand up a pole good and solid in the back of the lodge.' She did so. Then he said: 'Take down that shield.' This was the shield he had dreamed about. He then

[19] See Cooper, 1944, p. 72.

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Thomas Main's grandfather would, from time to time when not feeling well, drink a large quantity of fairly warm water, perhaps two or three quarts, before eating breakfast. He would then go outside, put his finger in his throat, and vomit. This means, instead of a physic, was resorted to as a laxative.

As soon as the first thunder of spring was heard, a person with warts would blow on them and they would come off. This was apparently looked upon as a "rational" treatment, though it was possibly of the magical order.

The following cure, related by Coming Daylight and Singer, was of the natural order, but came about without intentional treatment. A young unmarried man, inseparable friend of Dressed In White, Coming Daylight's husband, had become mentally deranged. He would tear off his clothes and when they would catch him and put clothes on him he would run till he ran into the water. He would run everywhere, and would climb up the sides of lodges to the top. This condition lasted not very long before his cure in battle. Some Gros Ventres, including Dressed In White, Coming Daylight and the young man, while camped at Black Butte (now Havre, Mont.), were attacked by some Assiniboine. With all the noise and shooting, the Gros Ventre horses stampeded. Dressed In White ran with his gun toward the stampeding horses, and, as he did so, saw one of the enemy fall in their midst, try to get up, and fall again. Dressed In White shot at him three times and then his gun would not go off and in his anger at it he smashed it on the ground. At this juncture, the young man came along, and Dressed In White said to him: "Hurry and grab that enemy. He is trying to get on a horse." The young man ran over, grabbed the enemy by the hair on either side of the head, threw him to the ground, and held him there. The Assiniboine had a knife but no gun and was trying to get up, buttocks first. Another Gros Ventre, Cuts The Rope, now ran over and shot the Assiniboine, and all then hit him, counting coup on him. From that time on, the young man was quite cured of his mental derangement, or at least showed no more symptoms of it, but he was shot to death not long after by another Gros Ventre. "By getting an enemy single-handed this young man had become a big chief and could have lots of lovers."[10]

[10] Women admired brave young men. See Flannery, 1953, pp. 190-91.

8:Flannery E-5 (1940-1948)1960 NQ13 Gros Ventre NQ13

Her final rejoinder was such a witty and pointed one that everyone laughed heartily at her rival's expense. In this culture, of course, public ridicule was a far more effective retaliation than the biting and scratching that other women said frankly they would have indulged in when attacked.

Expression of emotional excess was institutionalized for the Gros Ventres, as for the rest of the Plains, in the bereavement situation. Upon the death of a husband, son, or father, a woman was expected to start wailing as soon as she heard the news, have her hair cut off, discard good clothes for old ragged ones, gash her arms and legs, go to the hills to mourn and cry, resisting for a time the pleas of her relatives to return, and being watched lest she attempt suicide. Coming Daylight was only a young woman when she was first widowed and the mourning pattern was still in full vogue. It is certain from other evidence than Coming Dayling had a deep affection for this husband to whom she had been given as a child-bride and in whose kindly and indulgent treatment she had found a pleasant escape from the rigorous discipline of her grandmother. Nevertheless the public expression of her grief was minimal—no abandonment for her. Although her sister was sent on the hills with her to keep watch over her in the usual way, Coming Daylight was easily persuaded to return shortly though she herself was proud of the fact that she had stayed out so long that she actually had got a frozen toe! In later years when all that was left of the ritual was the wailing out on the hills, she lost the son whom she herself, and everybody else, acknowledged as her favorite. She had not been on the hills very long when she experienced a significant dream, as follows. She was in a lodge at the rear of which was a big pile of tobacco mixture and a pipe. The owner of the lodge filled the pipe and approached her. She was frightened because she didn't smoke. The owner of the lodge however told her: "Look at these people." She looked and saw many with their hair cut and their bodies bleeding from the gashes inflicted in grief. The man then told her: "That is in the past. Nowadays your only consolation is in smoking." So she accepted the pipe and, after smoking it, she was painted in ceremonial fashion by each of those other mourners. Then the owner of the lodge dismissed her saying: "Now, go home and don't ever go on the hills and mourn again. But always smoke if you want to." She went home right after this dream and when she told her husband of it he accepted it as valid and persuaded her sister to prepare for Coming Daylight her first real smoke. She maintained that the habit subsequently developed was actually a great comfort to her.

The final area with which we shall be concerned here is the war complex—a vital aspect of the old Plains culture. Gros Ventre women were allowed direct but limited participation in these activities in the sense that, while they would not join a party of men who were going on horse-raiding or revenge expeditions, if opportunity offered they might exhibit the same kind of bravery that a man should show and derive considerable status therefrom. For instance, if one of the enemy fell nearby, the women rushed out from camp to count coup, and to grab trophies with which to inaugurate the relationship known as "enemy-friends." Coming Daylight, however, was never one to indulge in this sport. She told of the one—and to her extremely distasteful—occasion on which her hand literally was forced. It seems that during a raid on their camp one of the enemy was shot and her husband scalped him. The victim was lying not far from her lodge and, as her husband dashed off to pursue the rest of the Assiniboine, he shouted for her to come out and see what was going on. Coming Daylight saw the man lying there, face down, covered with blood. He was not dead

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and, each time he attempted to get to his knees, one of two women who had already reached the scene would strike him on the buttocks with the flat side of a hatchet, making an insulting remark, and both would laugh. Coming Daylight hesitated at some distance from where the other two were gloating over the fallen enemy. When one of them, Woman Chief by name, saw her she ran to her saying: "Why are you standing so far off?" She grabbed her by the arm and pushed a big club into her hand, saying: "He is still alive—you will do a great thing. *Ahe:ya'!*" Woman Chief forced Coming Daylight to strike him.

While both Woman Chief and Coming Daylight closely approximated the ideal for women as faithful wives and efficient workers who gave generously of their material goods to and on behalf of their relatives, they seemingly differed in temperament. Woman Chief was known as a very brave woman, and Coming Daylight was frank in admitting she would never have dreamed of doing the kinds of things for which Woman Chief was renowned. One of the latter's exploits, for example, was as follows. The Gros Ventres and Crow were allies in an encounter with the Piegan. The battle was in full force, but one Crow had withdrawn and was sitting motionless astride his horse at some distance from the melee. Woman Chief, who in contrast to most women was always well mounted, dashed up to the Crow, grabbed his wand from his hand, and rode pellmell into the thick of the battle, counting coups right and left. So brave was she considered in having really risked her life that she was accorded the distinction, most unusual for a woman, of being led around the camp circle with the victorious warriors. Furthermore, so many people came to sing in front of her lodge that she and her relatives, to show their appreciation of the honor, were forced to give away as much property as though she were a man. Judging on the basis of other biographical material, there can be no doubt that she gloried in her reputation and took every opportunity to enhance it. She was one to whom the more violent aspects of Gros Ventre culture were exceedingly congenial.

If we compare and contrast these two women we can say that insofar as the patterns of Dionysian configuration are the basis of the comparison, their behavior exhibits opposite extremes, the one going beyond the average in the direction of the configuration, the other running counter to and participating less than the average therein. Both might be termed deviant personalities in Honigmann's sense of the term,[2] one overplaying and the other underplaying modal behavior in these selected patterns. Nevertheless, neither seems to have been a misfit insofar as each represents an extreme of socially accepted or sanctioned behavior within those patterns. If, for instance, Coming Daylight had been completely negative, and refused, say, to carry out at least the culturally defined minimum for mourning, had she, in addition to refusing to mutilate herself for the recovery of her ill relatives, neglected as an adult even the safe and less strenuous means to that end, she would have fallen without the pale, so to speak, and have been a misfit. If, at the opposite end of the scale, Woman Chief had gone further in the direction of masculinity, had she actually gone on raiding expeditions and herself stolen horses from the camp of the enemy, had she learned to shoot the bow and arrow or gun, or had she so much as adopted the vocabulary and/or pronunciation proper for males in the Gros Ventres language, she would have been carrying things too far. She, too, would have been dubbed a misfit.

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